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Vol. CXXI. No. 1587 JUNE 21, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



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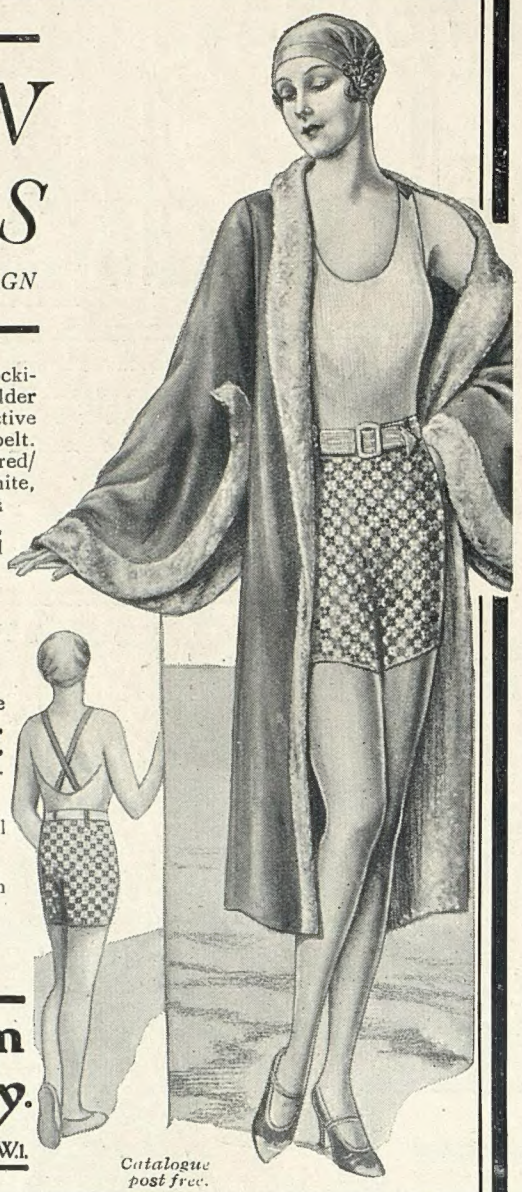

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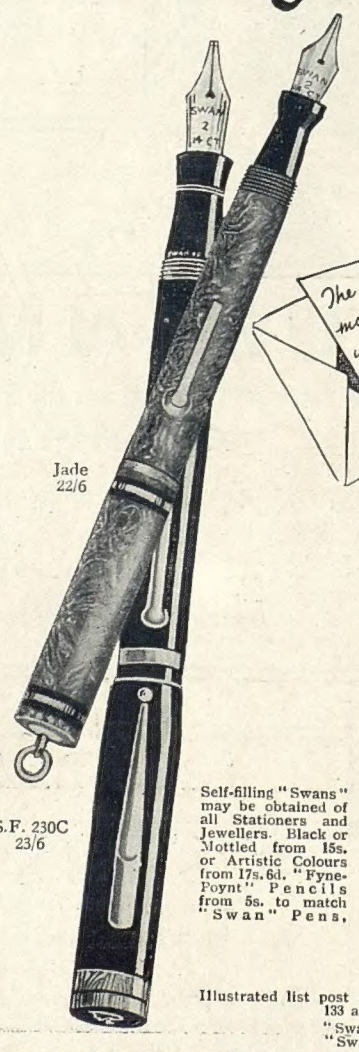


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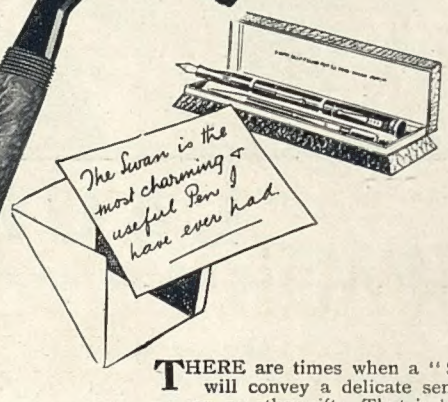


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*With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE*

Volume CXXI. No. 1587 Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d. } London, June 21, 1930

## TRAILING GOWNS at ROYAL ASCOT

Royal Ascot, ever a Parade of Fashion, showed a greater divergence from previous years than has been the custom for the past half-decade. Long skirts, some even with trains, wide-brimmed hats—hats almost recalling the "cartwheels" of Nell Gwynne—were the order of the day. The great majority of the women did not seem quite at home in their trailing skirts. The King and Queen were accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Gloucester, Prince George, and Princess Mary Countess of Harewood. The King looked extremely fit; the Queen was resplendent in cream. Special glass screens were erected lest any wind should imperil the King's health. They were, however, not used on the first day.

THIRTY-SIX NEXT WEEK: The Prince of Wales, who celebrates his birthday on June 23

# A LONDON NEWSLETTER

INVERESK HOUSE, W.C., STRAND,
Wednesday, June 18, 1930.

**The Prince at Thirty-six.**—June 23 is the Prince's birthday. He is thirty-six and it continues impossible to accept him as a middle-aged man—having regard to his personal appearance, not to his experience. He has indeed crowded into thirty-six years every new experience that an age of constant invention can offer. If ever a man has lived twenty-five hours a day, that man is the Prince. The inventions of science enable him to do so. We are used to his way of life. He will crowd into nine months of the year as much duty and social service as the average public man can achieve in two years, and then he quietly fades out of public notice and hides himself, for choice, in the least-civilized corner of the over-civilized earth. His is a restless nature, a restlessness which is not from the spur of ambition but a legacy of an unquiet Age denied the happy contentment of unquestioned beliefs. He is for ever on the move, for ever a pioneer, because he is typical of the youth of our times. He has skimmed the cream of the best thrills that life offers to the daring. He has hunted, and supplanted hunting with point-to-point riding; passed on thence to big-game hunting; dropped that for the finer thrill of primitive nature photography. He has learnt to fly, and now that flying has become for him as commonplace as railway travel, he will assuredly learn gliding. Perhaps the years will bring an anodyne to the fever of adventure. At thirty-six the Prince's chief hobbies are golf and nature photography. The nation can take comfort in that fact, for it values him very highly in his public appearances.

**India.**—Even at the climax of the London Season a little space in our weekly chronicle may be allotted to far-off India. The first part of the Simon Report has been more or less digested by the serious-minded, and the way is clear for Part II, the meal of solid and perhaps unpalatable recommendations. The first part of the report has been received exactly as expected. Moderate opinion in India accepted it with gratitude as a restrained and impartial survey. British opinion was pretty solidly in its favour on these same counts. The Indian malcontents showed that nothing reasonable would ever satisfy them. But what are the vital facts concerning India which the preliminary report reveals? It cannot but help the man in the street to keep certain broad data in his head while he seeks to understand the problem of India and the solutions proposed.

**Facts and Figures.**—(1) India has an area twenty times larger than Great Britain.

(2) A third of India is not British territory at all. It is comprised by the Indian States which are under British Suzerainty. There are 600 of them, some of them as big as England, some as small as a Surrey villa. Whatever happens in the future, the Indian States must not be sacrificed unheard to British India's demand for self-government.

(3) Out of 250,000,000, only 2,000,000 are literate in the English tongue. There are 220 vernaculars in India, and Hindustani is by no means a passport for intercourse throughout India.

(4) Seventy per cent. of the population of India is agricultural, practically illiterate, and completely outside political aspirations. In England the agricultural percentage is only 8.

(5) In India only 10 per cent. of the population lives in towns. In England the percentage is 80.

(6) In India the vast proportion of the population is still in a state of illiteracy which precludes any serious understanding of political questions. Only 2 per cent. have a vote. The so-called educated minority is tiny, and it "thinks in English." In other words, it tries to translate Western political ideas into native terms. The women of India are still practically illiterate.

(7) There are 215,000,000 Hindus in India and 70,000,000 Muhammadans. The differences between them which cause most of the turmoil in India are differences of race far more than of religion. They are as fire and water racially.

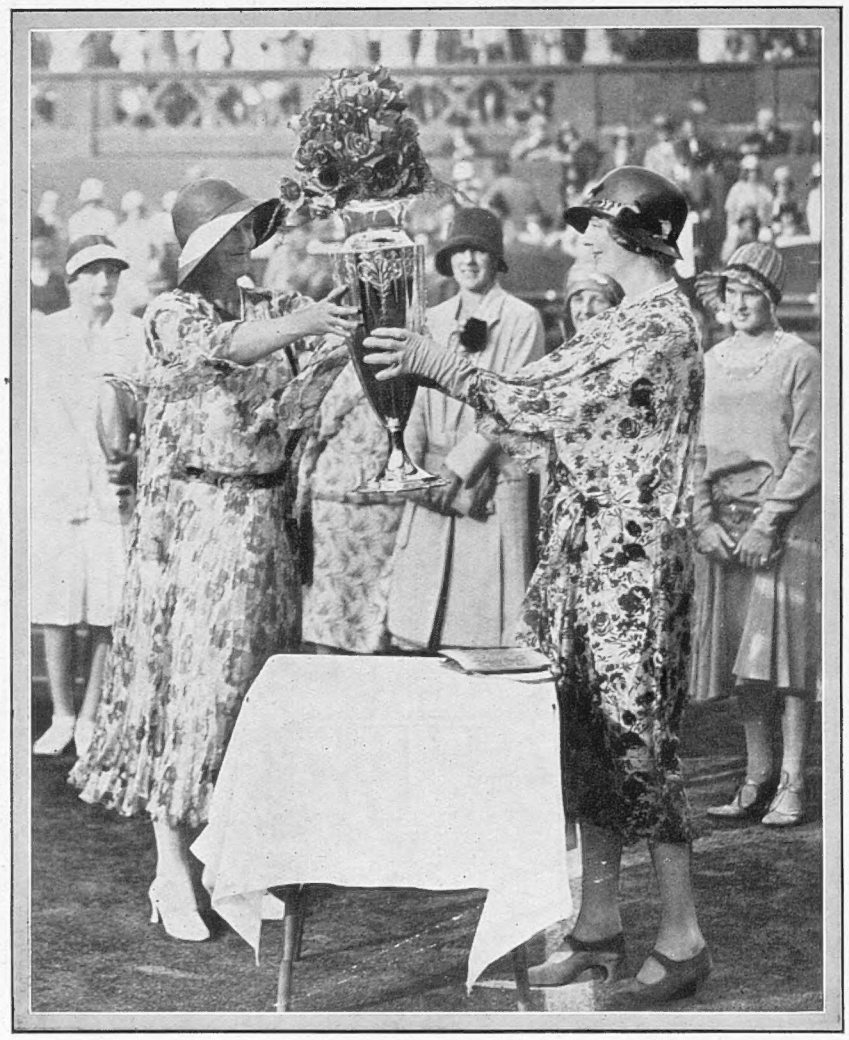
(8) **The Military Aspect—a Bombshell.**—British India is made up of nine Governors' Provinces (Madras, Bombay, Bengal, United Provinces, Punjaub, Bihar, Central Provinces, Assam, and Burma). There is also the N.W. Frontier Province and other less-defined areas. Of the Governors' Provinces, Burma has more obvious and more urgent claims to separation and self-government (e.g. better education, distinct national unity).

(9) It is significant in considering the future possibilities of self-government to observe that Bengal, Assam, Mysore, Central India, and Bihar are so unwarlike that they provide between them less than 1,000 soldiers! Yet racially and religiously they hold strong and individual political aspirations. It is a point made a century ago by Macaulay. Conceive the risk if these vast territories were policed solely by the military levies of alien races from the Punjaub or Nepal.

**The Tail and the Dog.**—I shall be forgiven for setting out in this schoolboy form some startling salient facts. They are startling even to the educated Englishman, so little has he troubled to probe conditions in the Indian Empire. On these admitted facts, accepting these appalling handicaps, not denying these utterly discordant elements, a fractional percentage of the semi-educated population (Western ideas grafted upon immemorially Eastern minds) demands as of right, and instantly, unqualified self-government. Thirty per cent of the population of all India, is definitely averse from setting aside the British Raj; 90 per cent. of the population of British India has not been consulted, and is incapable of expressing any sensible opinion.

**Henry Segrave.**—Henry Segrave has given his life to the cause of speed. He was very young, only thirty-four. But in fifteen years of utterly fearless venturing he has risked life and been within an ace of death hundreds of times. Men of the breed of Dædalus rarely die in bed. We grudge their deaths because we find it hard to believe that the causes they die for really benefit humanity. We declare that we are no happier for our conquests over time and space. But we are answered that firstly we are not put on earth in order to be happy—which we doubt—and secondly, that the risks run by men like Segrave on the water and the sands and in the air are run to make the internal-combustion engine safe for you and me, who do not take willing risks, and do not need to press our machines beyond the safety mark. Reluctantly we accept this answer.

**Vindicated.**—It gives me the greatest pleasure to read proof that my old friend Mr. Harry Luke has had his conduct of affairs during the late troubles in Palestine vindicated. He has been appointed Lieut.-Governor of Malta, and goes, I greatly fear, out of the frying-pan into the fire. But politically Mr. Luke thrives on riotous living and was never one to seek peace, though I am sure he does all he can to ensue it. Twenty-five years ago (or so) I sometimes wandered at midnight among the tiles on the roofs of Trinity College, Oxford, with Harry Luke—then Lukach—and had occasion to admire his pluck and to enjoy his humour and knowledge of things rare and curious. He had a deal of courage, moral and physical, for so small and frail a body. Such is Harry Luke. I am sure he will not be a pawn in the game at Malta. I look to see him countering the Bishop's move with all the oblique cunning of the Knight of Malta.



SYMBOL OF A GLORIOUS VICTORY: The Wightman Cup, won in glorious weather by Britain at Wimbledon. Mrs. Wills-Moody had won her two singles—one with ease against Miss Fry, one with difficulty against Mrs. Holcroft-Watson, who for five games played superhuman lawn tennis, the score reaching 5-0. Miss Jacobs had won against Miss Fry and lost to Mrs. Watson. The first Doubles was won for England by Miss Fry and Miss Harvey against Miss Cross and Miss Palfrey. Miss Mudford defeated Miss Palfrey, to put Britain all square, and in the last match Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Godfree put America's No. 1 and No. 2 out in a match which went the full three sets. Lady D'Abernon is seen presenting the Cup to Mrs. T. M. Mavrogordato, England's non-playing captain. Both ladies, by a coincidence, wore strikingly similar gowns. The Wightman Cup has proved an appetizer for the Wimbledon banquet next week

**Ascot.**—Windsor and its neighbourhood is England at her loveliest, her rarest, and most exclusive and privileged. It is very properly so. And June is the month of all months for showing off this royal corner of England. It is roses and rhododendrons all the way to Ascot, and strawberries and cream and iced cup, chiffons and celebrities, lovely women and beautiful horses, at the other end of the journey. Of course even Ascot has its uglier side. There are the sharp contrasts between the two sides of the course. The fashion parade side and the Hampstead-Heath-Bank-holiday side, with its noise and smells and unutterably disgusting litter. And even the fashionable crowd turns out on closer inspection to be not quite so brilliant and select as one might suppose. For society, with a very small "s," is very, very large, and as the years go by the two sides of the course grow more and more to make light of the Rubicon which divides them. If you are not very squeamish you should once at least do Ascot from the popular side, watch the celebrities coming through from the enclosures to the ring, and stand on the outer rails in the middle of the course and listen to the lurid and staccato conversation of the jockeys as they race by you. And certainly you should go to the starting point and watch the starter sending away a score of young horses. That's a great experience.

**Ruth Draper.**—Ruth Draper has immensely enhanced her already great reputation with the new sketches she has brought over. Her genius is the genius of Jane Austen in such a number as "Opening a Bazaar," for the perpetual flow of merriment which she evokes is not due to satire but to utter truth. She does not take off a typical Lady Bountiful, she *is* one. And in "Mr. Clifford" her genius is the genius of the late Phil May. She can produce a crowded canvas with a single stroke. Curiously enough, Miss Draper does not appear to have made the same advance as a tragedienne as in pure comedy.

**Tails Up.**—Old England is on the top of her form just now! Tails well up as a result of the First Test; tails soaring as a result of the Wightman Cup. And now for a golf come-back.

**"Nor all thy tears . . ."**—Caernarvon Burghs made last week to Mr. George a presentation to commemorate the completion of forty years as member for the division. It took the form of . . . a blotter. Now, could any article be more suitable for such an occasion? "The moving finger writes"—you can complete the quatrain. Mr. George, in accepting the gift, went back across the years and read over some of the records of his moving finger—his share in the war and his share in the peace. And then they gave him a blotter. The good burgesses are optimists, not cynics. And my observations are in no sense personal. Even a Solon needs a big blotter after forty years in Parliament—a magic blotter which will blot out failure, occasional frailty, occasional lapses from the highest standards. There was genius in the choice of that symbolic blotter.

**The Tricks of Memory.**—The crowning mercy of Waterloo is 115 years old to-day as I write—a long time ago and only the other day! There are persons alive whose fathers fought at Waterloo and talked with Napoleon. Lady Louisa Charteris, whose father fought at Waterloo, died only the other day. Mr. Ernest Noel is alive, the son-in-law of the Lord Albemarle who fought that day. Lady Agatha Russell, daughter of the great Lord John, who walked and talked with Napoleon, is still comparatively young and active-minded, and lives at Hindhead.

THE OLD STAGER.

# HONOUR where HONOUR is DUE

*Personalities in the Investiture : Society Marriages*

"AND A GOOD KNIGHT, TOO"! Sir Henry Lytton, the famous and popular Savoyard, who has been playing since 1884, leaves his house for Buckingham Palace to receive the accolade

*Lenare*

THE LATEST "DODGE" MODEL: Mrs. H. E. Dodge and her son, Master David Elgin Dodge, in their home at Tilney Street, Park Lane. Mrs. Dodge entertained a house party for Ascot

AT TRINITY CHURCH, BROMPTON: Mr. Aylmer Herbert Porter and his bride, formerly Miss Clarice Wallace McGregor, after the ceremony

THE KNIGHTLY SMILE: Sir Arthur Lambert, ex-Lord Mayor of Newcastle, leaves Buckingham Palace after the Investiture

DECORATIONS AND HONOUR: Mr. Joseph Turner who, for his gallantry in a recent cordite explosion, received the King Edward Medal at the Investiture held to present the insignia of the Orders and decorations announced in the birthday honours

A WEEK-END WEDDING: Mr. Harold Barnes-Lawrence and Miss S. M. X. de Bibadh Kosha after their marriage at St. John's, Cambridge Square

# APOTHEOSIS of the HORSE

## At Olympia's International Show

## June 19 = 28

More International than ever is the nineteenth Annual Olympia Horse Show which opened yesterday (Thursday) and continues until June 28, upon which day all the breed championships are to be judged.

This year's Show has been given additional International character by the fact that Germany will be represented in the jumping competitions for the first time since pre-war days, while an entirely new entrant is Chili, whose cavalry team will compete for the Prince of Wales' Cup. There are five German officers entered from the Cavalry School at Hanover.

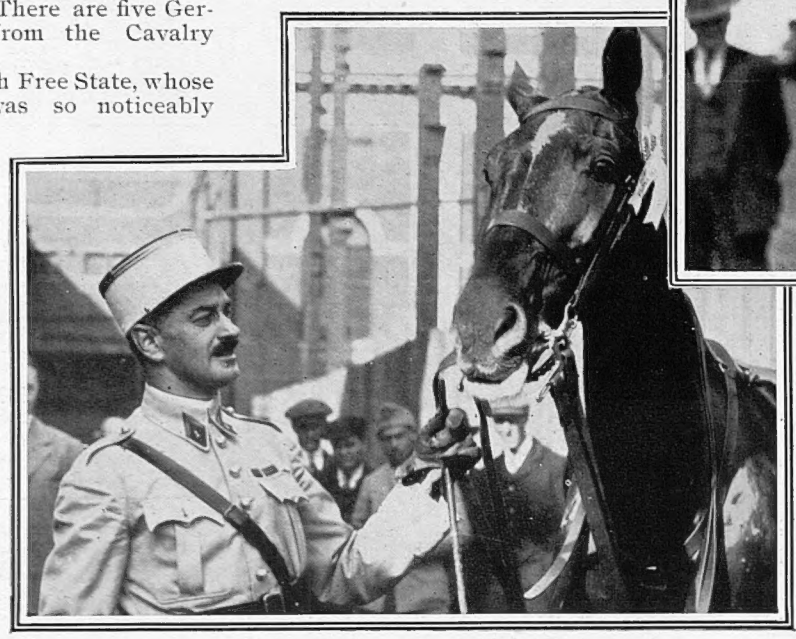
The officers of the Irish Free State, whose horse-leaping ability was so noticeably improved at last year's Show, have sent no fewer than twenty horses for their team of six competitors.

France, Belgium, Holland, Canada, and Great Britain, or eight nations in all, will compete in the international jumping competitions which include the King George V Gold Cup and the Prince of Wales's trophy. The Canadian entry for His Majesty's Cup is that of Major T. G. Dann, the officer in charge of the detachment of Royal Canadian Mounted Police, who are to give two daily displays of horsemastery, at 3.25 p.m. and 9.15 p.m., for the whole period of the Show.

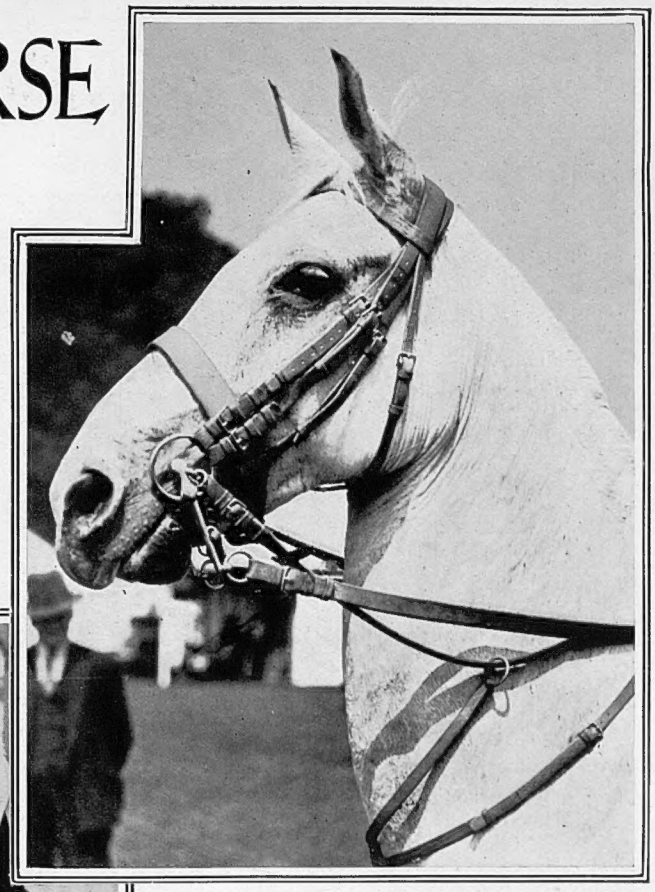
The "Mounties," very conspicuous figures at social events in London since they arrived, consist of one officer and twenty-four men, and for the first time in the history of the force will they give their show of horsemanship outside their own Dominion.

The most missed figure from the British officers' jumping team will be Brigadier Malise Graham, who died in Dublin from the results of a fall at that Horse Show. His rare old horse, Broncho, will never come into the ring again. The British team for the jumping events will be a strong one, but the steadiness of "Malise" and his twenty-one-year-old horse will be missing factors.

Over 2,000 entries have been received for a prize list that is valued at £7,200. British breeders of light horses are conspicuous supporters of the hunter, hack, and harness classes. The children's pony classes have received large support, with more entries from girls than from boys.

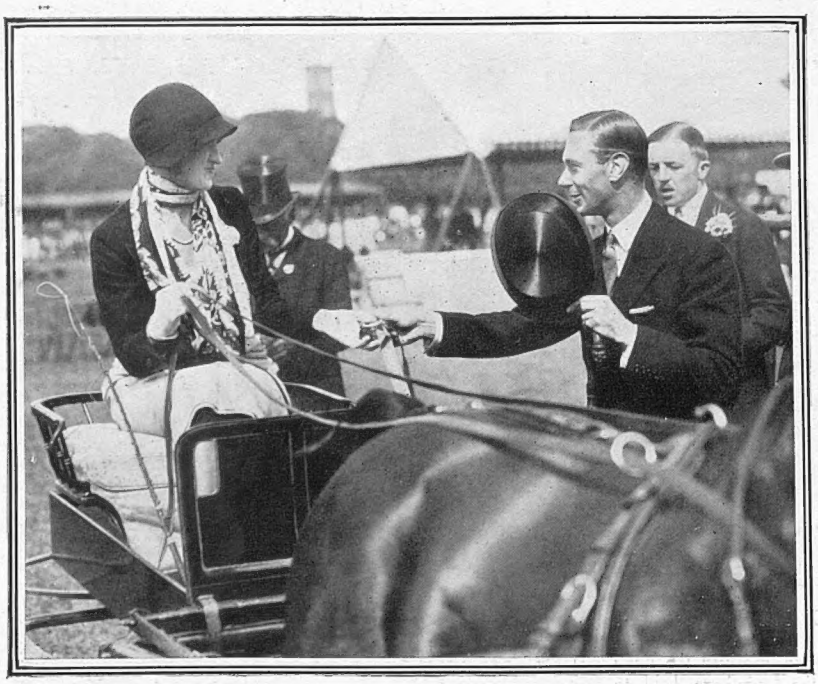


LAST YEAR'S WINNER OF THE KING'S GOLD CUP: Lieutenant Gibault, a French officer, with Mandarin



ENTERED FOR THE RIDING CLASS AT RICHMOND: Grayling—a magnificent equine specimen

*Some of the most conspicuous exhibitors at the Show are: Miss Ruth Agnew, Mr. Sydney Allen, Hon. Mrs. Nigel Baring, Mr. D. R. Blair, Dr. Alex Bowie, Countess of Bradford, Sir Philip Brocklehurst, Colonel Geoffrey Brooke, Miss M. A. Bullows (Lady Wright), Major Sir H. R. Cayzer, Bart., Mr. H. J. Colebrook, Mr. H. L. Cottrill, Hon. Mrs. F. Cripps, Mrs. E. A. Dodd, Lieut.-Colonel Dorman, Mr. J. Drage, Mr. Enoch Glen, Hon. Mrs. Greenall, Mr. C. F. Goddard, Countess of Haddington, Captain Hance, Major-General A. Harman, Mrs. Edgar Henriques, Lord and Lady Hillingdon, Mr. Paul Hoffman, Lady Hunloke, Mrs. A. C. King, Lady Muriel Liddell-Grainger, Mr. B. W. Mills, Mr. F. C. Minoprio, Mr. S. E. Moss, Mr. J. V. Rank, Major R. M. Stewart-Richardson, Miss Olive Ricks, Sir Edward Stern, Messrs. W. J. Smith, Ltd., Messrs. W. Young and Sons*



PRESENTATION AT RICHMOND: The Duke of York presents a rosette to Mrs. Voice, a first-prize winner, at the Richmond Royal Horse Show

The native pony breeds and the polo-bred pony will be seen at their best in these children's riding classes. Ladies' hacks and hunters will be much in evidence, and that there are more first-class riding horses in the country than ever is proved by the considerable entry of these exhibits at Olympia.

No horse-ring lends itself better than Olympia for watching the points and the action of the various breeds of horses. No place more than Olympia has helped to keep the Hackney going as a breed. If a Hackney horse can be bred, good enough in conformation, and clever enough in action, to win at Olympia, his price can be marked at four figures with many Americans ready to purchase him. In the case of the Hackney the spectator must look for the high hock and knee action, and a perfectly balanced and well-sustained movement, not a thing of threads and snatches, but as the old Hackney grooms still term it, "a 1, 2, 3, 4, with head-well-up movement." The Hackney of old was used to catch early trains; his detractors to-day say that he dwells so high in the air that he would never reach a station.

In the case of the hunters and hacks, hundreds of which will be on view during the Show, and animals up to many weights, the judges will mainly look for perfection in regard to conformation (make and shape), correct manners, and action. Many a most charmingly-mannered horse appears to be winning a blue ribbon until his saddle is taken off, and his make and shape, or rather want of it, immediately cause his relegation to lower rungs in the Olympian ladder of fame.

Good manners, both in horse and rider, count for much at Olympia. Lord Lonsdale, as Master of the Ring, is continually on the alert for any little "showman tricks" which may give an exhibitor an advantage. Passing an opponent in driving, or in the canter or gallop, are things his lordship unhesitatingly punishes with dismissal from the ring.

Over the children he exercises a care which wins all their hearts. He has, in past years, even folded his arms around the head and neck of a bolting pony and stopped its career by sheer strength. The children feel more than safe in his care, and it is Lord Lonsdale's special delight to present ribbons and medals of remembrance to the less fortunate children who have "just missed the money."

No show has done more than the International event at Olympia to keep the horse and its divers uses before the public. The criticism that it is a flower show more than a horse show is never heard to-day. As a practical test of horsemastery and as the sifting place of equine quality Olympia Show stands alone.

G. T. B.

# ASCOT and ALDERSHOT

## The Fashion Parade and the Searchlights in Pictures

THE FASHION PARADE AT ROYAL ASCOT SHOWED NEVER A SHORT SKIRT AND FEW SMALL HATS: An American visitor, Miss Emerson, whose toilette was largely built upon fur; Lady Patricia Moore in a short-sleeved creation worn with long gloves; Mrs. Fernie in a swathed spotted gown and a flowered parasol

"THE GLASS OF FASHION": Major and Mrs. Godfrey-Fowler at Ascot. Male attire was nearly as varied as feminine!

ROYAL ASCOT: The King and Queen with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Gloucester arrive at the course.

AFTER ASCOT, ALDERSHOT: One of the impressive formations at the Searchlight Tatoo, where 5,000 military actors are engaged. The Battle of Dettingen, 1743, is shown here

# The PASSING PAGEANT of the DAY.

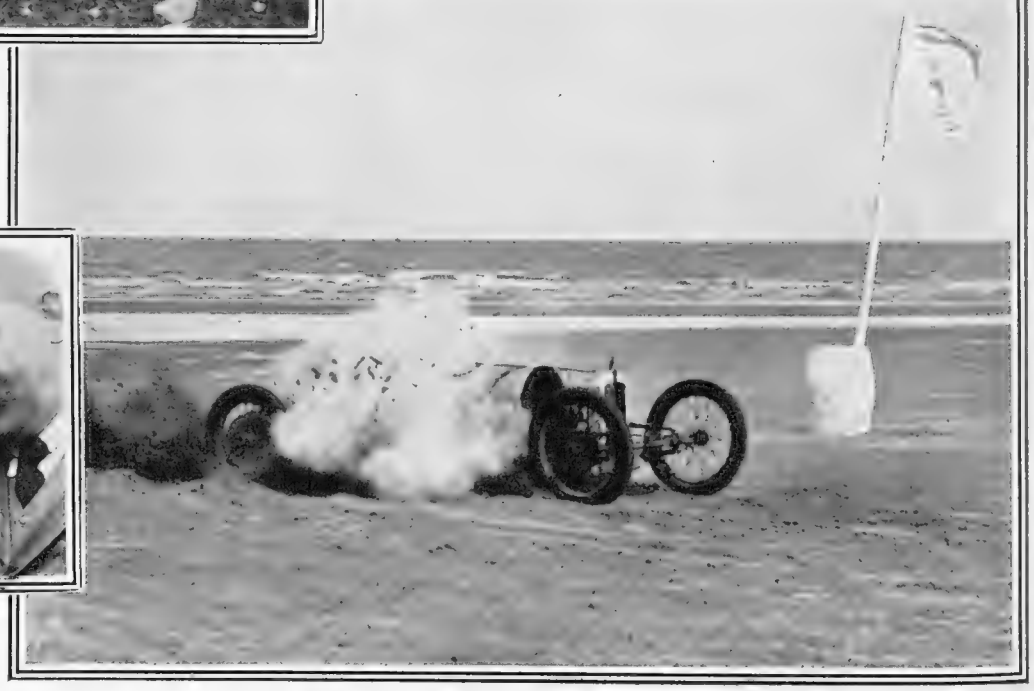
*The General News of the Week in Pictures: Festivals, an Accident, an Attraction, and a Controversy*

IN THE FASHION OF THE 'SIXTIES: Students of St. John's School, Bexhill, perform a crinoline dance in costume—the polka action has been well caught by the camera

A CASUALTY-LESS TRAGEDY: The R.A.F. observation balloon which broke loose in Wales and came to earth in Yorkshire, with two men aboard. The flying-officer was carried for miles hanging head-downwards. The balloon narrowly missed electrical wires which would have electrocuted the crew

"UP WI' THE SUTORS O' SELKIRK": An incident in the annual festivity recalling the triumph of a company of shoemakers (sutors) from the town in the battle of Flodden, when an English banner was captured despite the ultimate Sassenach victory

THE GRADED BEEF DISPUTE TO CONTINUE: The Government meat marker at the Birmingham meat market who is having an easy time because the Birmingham meat traders object to the new marking and grading of British beef devised by the Ministry of Agriculture. The mediation of the Lord Mayor of Birmingham in the dispute between the traders and Ministry has been ineffectual, and consequently the "boycott" will continue. The Government is endeavouring to counteract the results of the boycott by full-page advertisments in the daily press



NOT "BRACING" BUT "RACING": Motor-racing on the sands is the latest attraction at that proverbially bracing Lincolnshire resort, Skegness. Mr. F. H. Brayshaw is seen above making a gorgeous, though hair-raising, skid turn on his 8-h.p. H.F.B. Special in the Class 8 five-lap race for racing cars

# SPORT in SUMMER in AIR and WATER

England and America, Man and Woman, All Take Advantage of the Blazing Weather

## HUMAN SWALLOWS

fly athwart the

## BATHERS in the SUN

This composite picture shows three champion divers of Los Angeles exhibiting the "swallow dive"—perhaps the most graceful of human aquatic evolutions. Below is a group of sun-bathers at the Chiswick Baths—a popular place on warm days in town, whither sufferers from, and adorers of, the sun make their way in such weather as graced the Whit and last week-end

# MATTERS of MOMENT in the METROPOLIS

*One Scene in the Regent's Park Zoo, and Two in the Human One in Hyde Park*

"WHETHER HIS MOTHER WOULD LET HIM OR NO:" The young baboon on Monkey Hill at the Zoo is starting to show a roving disposition. He is, however, restrained by his mother, whose cry of "Tails" proves successful! Monkey Hill is, like the rest of the Zoo, open until 11 p.m. every Thursday

MIXED BATHING IN THE SERPENTINE: Mr. "Lido" Lansbury, the First Commissioner of Works, has signalized Labour's first protracted Government by passing legislation to permit Hyde Park to be transformed either into a people's playground or else into a pandemonium of paper bags, squalling children, squealing girls, tawdry charms, and squalid gaiety. Time alone will show whether Demos can appreciate the Gift of Beauty, Clemence Dane's allegory to the contrary notwithstanding

WOULD-BE CLEANLINESS NEXT TO INCARNATE GODLINESS: The huge crowd massed outside the mixed bathing pavilion—and a constable. Many ladies did not trouble to change their frocks in the partitioned area, but simply donned their dresses under the trees

A LINE-YARD IN SIGLUFIORDUR: Here the "great lines"—used by the large motor-boats for cod—are cleaned and repaired

# The Coming Millenary Celebrations in Iceland

## AN ICELAND FISHERY

By J. McGIBBON

***The enormous strides made by the fisheries of the northern Danish possession render it an important consideration in the economic world. Iceland is this year celebrating the millenary of her existence, for in 930 she was first established as a corporate and independent republic***

Fisherfolk are fisherfolk whatever their nationality may be. The life on the sea leaves its stamp on all its sons. Such were my thoughts as I stood on the upper deck of the S.S. *Nova* and watched the embarking of twenty small motor-boats, each of which carried a crew of three men, as we lay in the quiet bay of Fuglefiord, a fishing village of the Faroe Isles. It was impossible to mistake the type of men that filled the *Nova* for her long journey to the north of Iceland. They were all bound for the summer cod fishing, and they were taking the quickest, safest, and easiest way of reaching their destination. We had observed the same exodus from the harbour in the Westmann Isles only two weeks previously; they too were headed for the north of Iceland.

Many of the Faroese had a journey of just over 1,000 miles, while others left the *Nova* as we rounded Langaness and entered the Arctic Circle. The boats were slung out from the decks into the water, and the heterogeneous mixture that the men seemed to look after carefully was composed of all that the average fisherman holds dear, such as sails, oars, nets, lines, floats, clothing, bedding, oil for the motors, etc., and always a fowling-piece for a chance shot at the ducks. Usually it was a young man who coaxed the engine into life. At first a few splutters, then a steady "Pit, pit," as the overladen boat got under way. With a wave of the hands to their friends on the *Nova*, and cries of "Good luck" in Farish on either hand, the little boat plugged her way towards the distant shore.

It was all very wonderful in the never-ending daylight and the warm, glorious rays of the sun, but to anyone who has seen the fishermen at Peterhead, the "Brough" Wick, and Lerwick, the similarity was obvious. They are the same hearty, hefty men, slow in their movements at times, but with the ease and strength of the feline, fond of a joke or a laugh, generous to a fault, taking good luck or bad luck with a careless, carefree indifference, they will share their last crust or their lives with a comrade or fellow fisherman. Such I have found the fisherfolk of Scotland, the Faroes, and Iceland, and anywhere else I suppose. When we arrived amongst the fisherfolk of Siglufiordur, where all the fishermen of Iceland and the Faroes seemed to be gathered for the summer fishing, we found the same type as amongst our fellow passengers of the *Nova*.

It was the Norwegian fishermen who discovered and made Siglufiordur, with its proximity to the cod banks, where the myriads of fish come to feed during certain seasons of the year. Like most of the Iceland towns, it is built on a sandy spit of land projecting from the base of the steep hills into the upper reaches of the fiord. The moraine of some ancient glacier, no doubt, judging by the quality of the soil. Ten houses stood there twenty years ago when the Norwegians came looking for an anchorage in the fiord, now it has a population of 1,700, and no doubt temporarily houses hundreds more during the fishing season—from June to the end of August. The condition of its streets tells its own tale, for they are rough and but half-finished, and look as if they were only repaired between the fishings.

The motor traffic, which is almost unceasing, soon cuts the roads into holes. The majority of the houses are self-contained, two or three storeys high, and are built of wood or iron occasionally, but they are mostly large, roomy structures of ferro-concrete. They are lit by electricity and most of them possess a telephone and central heating. Flowers are blooming in the gardens, vegetables look as if they did well, while goats and milch cows wander about the streets picking up grass where they can find it. The shops are large and wonderfully up-to-date, and so are the goods they sell. The town is rather a shock to anyone who thinks he has come to the top of the world, and it is the town that is nearest the North Pole on this side of the world. It is only about fifty miles outside the Arctic Circle.

Four factories have been erected for the manufacture of cod-liver oil, herring oil, and fish manure, and four others have been planned. There seems to be plenty of work for all and plenty of money to spend. The surplus is invariably put into the bank, a house, or a boat: all of these I was told are owned by the men themselves, perhaps a little borrowed money here and there, but not much. There are no public-houses or gambling dens, and no liquor over the strength of mild wines can be bought unless by doctor's orders.

The small motor-boat with its crew of three uses the "small lines" of the Scottish fisherman, and works near the shore. The heavy oil motor-boats, "Diesels" most of them, carrying a crew of from five to seven, use the "great lines," and go out to the open sea, often as far as fifty and sixty miles away from the shore. This motor-boat predominates during the cod season, then the trawler comes on for the herring later in June. The fiord seems never to be free of these boats, coming and going, their "doonk, doonk, doonk," sounding long before the boat itself is visible.

Each fishing yard has long wooden wharfs built out into the fiord, where the boats come to land their catches, a trolley-line running from the sea end to the "splitting tables." The catches of cod landed are enormous considering the size of the boats. The morning the pictures were taken the average was from five to eight skipods. A skipod is roughly 10 cwt. The fish were large, heavy, and in very fine condition, and the man in the photograph had difficulty at times in throwing them out of the boat. The trolley when filled is run up to the "splitting tables" and tipped up.

In the first process the fish are seized by the head and thrown over a trestle, and then the head severed from the body. Then the "splitters" lift them on to their tables, and with a short sharp knife they split them at one stroke from end to end. The liver is extracted and thrown into a tub, and the entrails into another. The next cut is along the backbone, and the following one extracts the bone, leaving only a few inches near the tail. The backbone is thrown into another tub. The split fish are piled on to another trolley and wheeled into the washing-sheds, which are too dark for a photograph. There they are thoroughly cleaned and trimmed, and have to pass the scrutiny of a Government Inspector. Then they are piled up in bings, usually in a dark, cool house, and layers of salt spread over each layer of fish, and for some days they are left to soak it in. They are turned over, more salt spread between the layers, then taken out and laid on specially made rock surfaces to dry in the sun. At night they are piled up in square stacks and covered over with tarpaulins to keep out the rain or the dew. In three weeks' time if the weather is good they are ready for the market. The most of the dried fish are sold to Spain.

LAID OUT TO DRY: With nightfall the catch is laid out in stacks on drying-grounds of built-up rock. The cloths worn round the head by the women keeps the sun out of the eyes and protects the neck. Flies are rare

There is very little of the actual drying done at Siglufiordur. There is not enough room to dry all the catches, nor is there enough labour to accomplish the various processes. To see the fish-drying business at its best you have to go to Akureyri in the north, or to Seydisfiordur in the east, or Reykjavik (pronounced Rake-a-vik), and Hafnarfiordur in the west. At the latter two places you can see miles of fish drying in the sun, that seems to shine all day and all night as well. It is never dark for at least three months during the summer.

BAITING THE LINES FOR COD: Herring are cut up for this purpose. The girls who do the work look like the Gaels of North Scotland—but they talk Icelandic

The herring oil is an industry that has come to the front within the last few years and promises to increase in the future. No unathorized persons are allowed inside the works, and the obtaining of a pass seemed to be a long and perhaps hopeless process, so I gave it up. This process is secret and jealously guarded. The Iceland herring are large and oily, and when this oil is extracted in the factories at Siglufiordur, what is left is dried and made into fish manure. This is sold mainly to the vineyards of France, Spain, and Sicily, and commands a good price.

(*Continued on page* 644)

# The AIRSHIP

*THE SLENDER MOORING-MAST OF SEVILLE: This slender piece of girder work served to hold the great airship while at the Seville Aerodrome, no violent wind being experienced during the vessel's stay*

About the only time when an airship does not strike the average Englishman as being irresistibly funny is either when it happens to be dropping bombs on him or when it is distracting his attention from a football match. At other times he refers to it jocosely either as a sausage or as a gas-bag. When the *Graf Zeppelin* or the *R 100* (or conceivably the *R 101*) passes over London the more superior jester asks his friend whether its gas capacity is greater than that of the House of Commons! And when paragraphs appear about the troubles which *R 101* is having with her Diesel-type heavy-oil compression-ignition engines the still more technical humorist writes of them as "rail-car engines made *un*reliable at great Government expense."

In time of war the tube-seeking populace regards the airship with hatred, and the night-flying aeroplane pilots, or the anti-aircraft gunner and his mate with the searchlight, regard them without amusement but as the target for which they have been praying for months.

Apart from such matters, the Englishman still refuses to regard airships seriously, in spite of the fact that the *Graf Zeppelin* has been five times across the Atlantic, once round the world, and several times round most of Europe. That is probably chiefly because the *Graf Zeppelin*'s trips have been regarded by most people as being purely of that kind which is commonly and vulgarly called a "joy-ride."

Actually these tens of thousands of miles have been regarded by the great Captain Eckener and his able assistants, Captain Lehmann and Captain Fleming, as scientific experiments. But for propagandist purposes, and also by way of doing something towards making the ship pay for her keep, newspaper representatives and a certain number of paying passengers have been carried on all these trips. The result has been, quite naturally, that ordinary newspaper readers have regarded them more or less as stunts in which a few people with money have participated at great expense.

On the scientific side the work has been of two main kinds. One has been the study of the atmosphere, not so much to see what the atmosphere does in different parts of the world, though that is knowledge which is gained as a sort of side-line, as to find out how varying states of the atmosphere affect the ship and will therefore affect other airships. For example, nobody knows just how big a thing an air-wave is, or whether you can have short, choppy air, and also air with a long swell, just as you can have a short, choppy sea or a heavy swell.

There has always been an idea that a state of the air could exist in which the front of an airship might be caught in a gust whirling in one direction while the stern was caught in the other, so that the ship would break her back—just as some of our fancy destroyers some years ago broke their backs.

Another kind of study concerns the question of what happens to airships in electrical storms as they are called. All that most of us know about electrical storms is that they make horrible noises on our wireless sets. And some of us have a vague idea that if an airship, which we all know is built on a metal frame, happened to fly out of a cloud which was charged with one kind of voltage and pointed its nose at a cloud which was charged with another sort of voltage, it might turn itself into

*DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE: A Landseeresque treatment of airships by the Goodyear "blimp," Vigilant. The Graf Zeppelin was successfully anchored to a portable mooring-mast recently installed at Lakehurst whither is here seen unmoored on the ground*

a kind of colossal sparking-plug, and either discharge a flash of lightning from its nose or receive a flash of lightning on its nose, in which latter case probably all its metal framework would fuse, and it would shrivel up into a kind of blob of metal such as we find in the fuse-boxes of our electric lights when they expire at inopportune moments.

Actually even now nobody does know what really would happen to an airship if it did happen to get into the middle of a bad thunderstorm. The great idea of Dr. Eckener and the other Zeppelin captains, and of our own airship skippers, is to keep as far away from thunderstorms as possible.

Actually the different crews which have manned the *Graf Zeppelin* have learned quite a great deal about the behaviour of the ship in curious weather conditions. Only a few hours after she left Friedrichshafen on her great

*LAKEHURST'S MOBILE MOORING-MAST IN ACTION: The giant visitor from Friedrichshafen was made secure to the new mobile mooring-mast recently put into use at the Naval Air Station at Lakehurst. Commander Eckener was the first to alight from the air liner in order that he might give directions for mooring it in the great hangar. Excited spectators and friends of passengers are shown ready to give the arrivals a hearty welcome*

# of TO-DAY

*Some of the Things which it has Accomplished, and what it Promises to do in the Near Future. Some Points about the Experimental Work of Germany and Great Britain*

By C. G. GREY

*(Editor of "The Aeroplane")*

Only a little while ago, and comparatively unnoticed by the English papers, the gallant M. Jean Mermoz flew the first French mail from St. Louis, Sénégal, across the South Atlantic to Port Natal in Brazil, in twenty-one hours of open-sea flying. Hitherto the French air mails have been flown from Paris all down the east coast of Spain and down the west coast of Spain to St. Louis, whence they have been shipped to Port Natal and have thence been flown to Rio and Buenos Aires and across the Andes to Chile.

The big idea now is to fly the South Atlantic stretch as well in a matter of twenty hours to twenty-four hours instead of taking two-and-a-half days by ship. The Zeppelin link from Seville to Pernambuco, although the airship is slower than the aeroplane, is shorter than the other way, and it is likely to be safer, considering that so far all transatlantic journeys by airships have been 100 per cent. safe, whereas aeroplane trips across the Atlantic have been only somewhere about 25 per cent. safe.

Either way, the great thing is that the French have already got a direct line from Paris to South America, where the big money is and where big trade is done, and the Germans have now got an airship link from Seville. We, on the other hand, have nothing at all, and so when we are rushing correspondence and agreements, and architects' plans, and so forth, through in connection with the great British Exhibition which is to be held at Buenos Aires next March we shall have the privilege either of flying them to Paris by our own Imperial Airway and sending them the rest of the way by the French Aéropostale Line, or we shall be able to send them to Berlin, and thence by aeroplane to Spain and by airship to South America.

*FOR THE R 100: The big mooring-mast at St. Hubert Field, near Montreal, Canada, which has recently been constructed in order to moor the R 100, the giant British airship which is shortly to make the flight from England to Canada. Extensive preparations have also been made to handle the enormous crowds which are expected to welcome the giant dirigible*

flight to South America she had to fight her way through a very curious system of storms. And on her return she seemed to have met a similar storm in much the same place.

The voyage to South America has been very interesting indeed from another point of view. We have been told in the House of Commons over and over again that the *R 100* was to go to Canada and that the *R 101* was to go to India. When, because of her unduly weighty heavy-oil engines, the *R 101* was proved to be a complete failure as a transport vehicle (though a most valuable technical experiment, and therefore very well worth her money) we were told that there would be no airship voyage to India for quite a long time because, though *R 100*, with her ordinary petrol engines, could safely go to Canada, where it is supposed to be cold in the summer, she could not go to India because of the danger of carrying such large quantities of petrol in the hot climate of Arabia and the Persian Gulf.

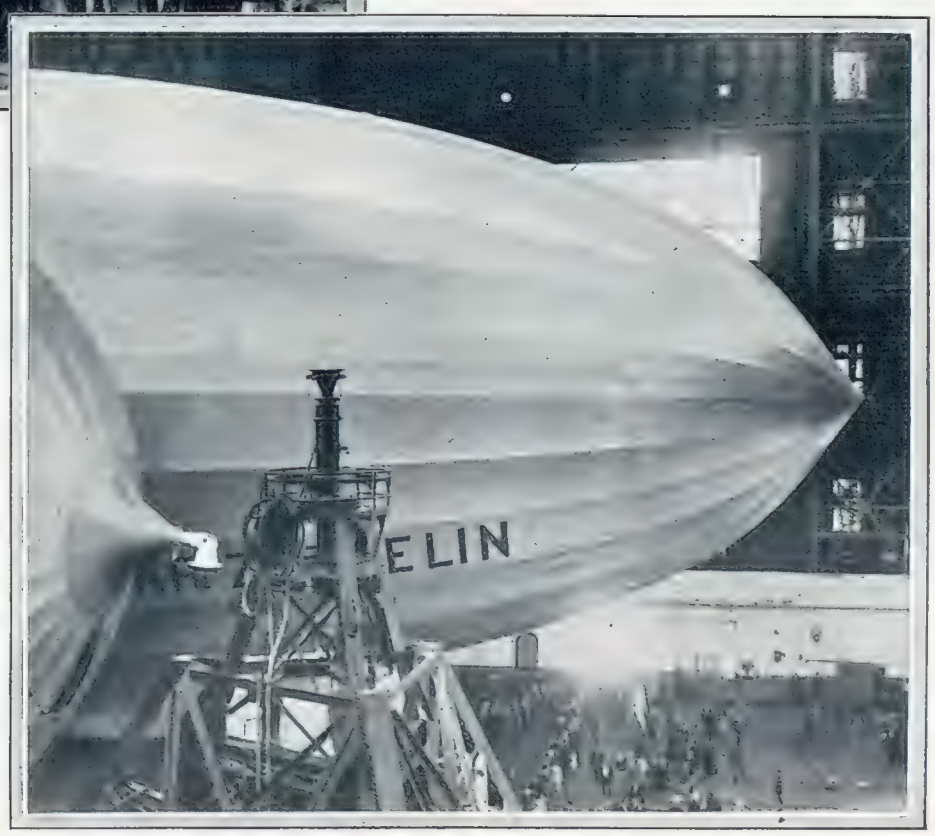
*mera. The long, lean, German airship e flew from Brazil. Above her rode the she was seen at Cardington recently*

*AN UNREHEARSED EFFECT: Members of the U.S. Navy, part of the ground crew, picked off the ground by a gust of wind that lifted the Zeppelin's tail. One of the men lost his grip 30 ft. off the ground and fell, suffering internal injuries*

Elsewhere one has had the temerity to point out that during the war a perfectly good war-time Zeppelin laden with hospital stores for the gallant General von Lettow-Vorbeck in German East Africa, had flown over the hottest part of the Soudan and across the equator and back to Bulgaria quite safely, and that there was no reason why *R 100* should not go to India.

Anyhow all that argument has been knocked on the head by the fact that the *Graf Zeppelin* has calmly crossed the equator to Pernambuco and has then gone down to Rio and back, and has since then travelled through all the sub-tropical heat and the possible hurricanes of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico to the comparative coolth of Lakehurst, U.S.A.

The other great lesson, and the most important lesson of all really, taught by the *Graf Zeppelin* is the possibility of running mails from Europe to South America by airship. The *Graf Zeppelin* in fact connected up the German aeroplane line which flies direct from Berlin to Seville in Spain with the line which is run by the Kondor Syndikat and flies along the coast of Brazil in competition with the French.




*THE LANDING DEVICE: A close-up of the portable mooring-mast at Lakehurst beside the two great airships* Graf Zeppelin *and* Los Angeles. *The structure of the nose of the Zeppelin can be seen on the left*

**SPECIAL FEATURE IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.—Lady Drummond-Hay will contribute the first part of a personal narrative describing the latest ocean and continental journey of the "Graf Zeppelin." The story is told in full detail, so that one seems to float with the narrator above Gibraltar, Tangier, Rio, and all the other fascinating places visited by the great airship**

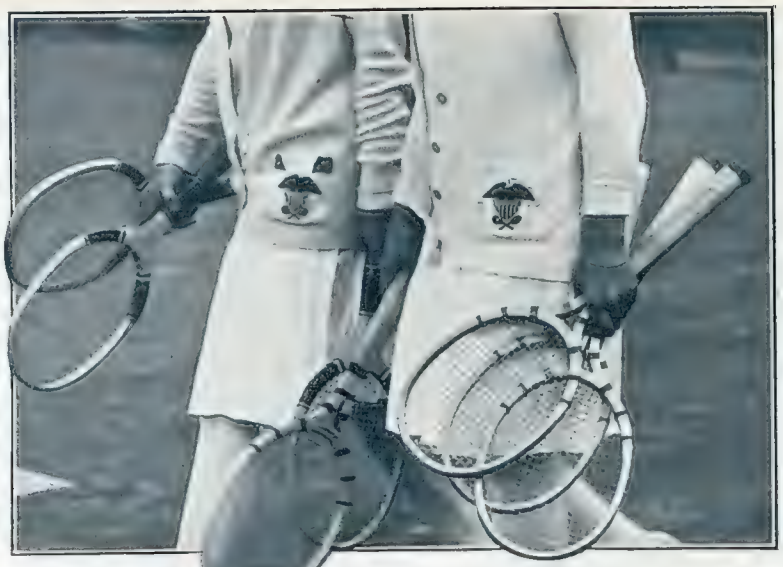
# STARS

## and Possible Stars

### in the Wimbledon Firmament

**The Lawn Tennis Book of Form**

By G. H. W. RAMSEY



THE AMBITION OF EVERY TENNIS PLAYER: To walk on to the Centre Court with three or four racquets—and be justified by one's hard-hitting play of one's prudence!

"All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players."

If Shakespeare had written of the fortnight from June 23 to July 5, he would have substituted the word "court" for the word "stage." For we shall eat and drink, sleep and breathe Wimbledon for the next fourteen days. In club and pub, in car and carriage, at dance and supper, it will not be "Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter, Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster," but "Cochet, Borotra, Helen and Whittingstall, Collins and Doeg, Alvarez and Austin," "that are in their flowing cups freshly remembered."

But when it comes to prophecy, even the boldest may hedge. Tennis of all games is played less with a racquet than with one great and dominant IF; IF Tilden can last; IF the Señorita is on her game; IF Austin can stay; IF Gregory strikes his invincible doubles form; IF . . .

Tennis form is more unreliable than the form-book of a stable. Last year, for example, Señorita de Alvarez, three times a finalist, was outed comparatively early. Tilden went down in three sets to his conqueror Cochet and Austin lost to Borotra—a decision he surprisingly reversed in France this year.

Nevertheless, this year's Wimbledon is not too difficult to analyze, on paper. "To give the sex the *pas*," the ladies' singles will, barring the worst of bad accidents, go to Mrs. Wills-Moody. Even if Suzanne were playing this year as she played at her zenith, I would be prepared to lay 3 to 1 on Miss Poker-Face. She is playing immaculate tennis — her length, her pace, her control, her position better than ever, and her footwork much improved.

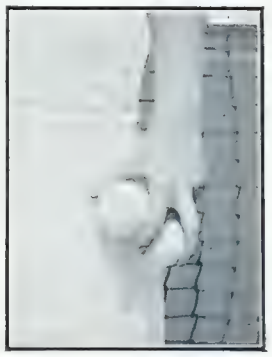
The runner-up is far more difficult to select. Mrs. Godfree, I fear, will feel too much the strain of her recent illness to stand the fortnight's play; Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall seldom comes off at Wimbledon despite her beautiful strokes and her powerful service. Miss Ryan, now a veteran, will never, I am afraid, play in the singles final again.

Of the others, Mrs. Holcroft Watson, Miss Dorothy Round, Miss Betty Nuthall, and Miss Joan Fry are all possibles. Our No. 1 is extremely steady; her forehand most severe, but her backhand is too laboured to admit of her being a probable. Also she is somewhat out of form. Miss Round is yet a very young player. In three years she will probably reach the final. Betty, out of form of late, may well spring a surprise; she has a clout far harder than most men's, and on her day—for she is erratic—she may well be the runner-up. One cannot forget she ran the redoubtable Helen to two vantage sets last year. Miss Fry, despite her retrieving powers and her lion heart will not, I fear, be quite good enough. Fräulein Aussem need not, I think, be seriously considered yet.

The French entries in this event will be, in my opinion, eliminated before the semi-final, and I doubt Miss Edith Cross's ability to reach the last four. On form the Señorita should be a finalist, but half-volley she never so well, from base-line to base-line and corner to corner, Lili de Alvarez will never, I think, get farther than the runner-up while Mrs. Wills-Moody is playing.

The last four will be, I think, Mrs. Wills-Moody, Señorita de Alvarez, Mrs. Watson or Miss Nuthall, Miss Jacobs or Miss Phyllis Mudford. The last two players, one a finalist last year, one an English "hope," should both do well.

ONE BALL CARRIED IN PLAY: A typical vignette of the game. Few drop the ball after service



THREE BALLS TO SERVE: Some players are miserable if they hold more than two; some less than three

In the men's it is, again on form, unquestionably a Cochet year. Lacoste is away; Tilden will, I think, never again defeat the little man from Lyons who so successfully and imperturbably breaks every canon of orthodox "lawner" to go from strength to strength. In 1927 Tilden played all he knew; he was two sets up and 5—1 on his own service. He lost the match. That was definitely the end of Big Bill against Cochet. Brugnon has no stamina for class singles.

Borotra is the main danger, for Doeg may ace himself into a few games but he has no ground shots at all. He was advised once to take a stool on to the court, serve, and then sit down. If he won his point, move his stool and serve again; if the ball was returned to stay sitting, for he was sure to lose the point. G. M. Lott, last year a disappointment, is primarily a doubles player. F. T. Hunter is not competing. I doubt whether Allison or Van Ryn can produce singles form to touch their doubles, while if Austin, Gregory, or Lee get into the last eight I shall be (patriotically speaking) pleasantly disappointed. C. H. Kingsley is not so good in singles this year as he was last. F. J. Perry might well, with luck in the draw, get at least to the last sixteen. De Morpurgo, that fine Italian hitter, seldom comes off at Wimbledon. Last year he went down to Nigel Sharpe in the third round. And "Junior" Coen, is not overlikely to go far.

The Australians are the *x*'s—the unknown quantities—in this year's Championship. Moon and Hopman will not, I think, go very far; the latter, however, farther than the former. I look however to see Crawfurd in the last eight. His strokes are superlative and his "laziness" very deceptive. Landry and Boussus, the Franks of the future, are to be reckoned with, but I see neither in the semi-final although I expect one at least to reach the last eight.

Borotra, however, remains. Ever a temperamental player, he is, on his day, notwithstanding his flights to and from the court, his energy in business, his late hours, and his carelessness, unbeatable. He would do well to watch one thing that did much to lose him his final last year—take care of his foot-faults. He lost point after point and, in consequence, much of his sparkle in 1929 from the successive call of "foot-fault." He is, however, almost certain to figure in the final.

The men's doubles will go, in all probability, to America. Allison and Van Ryn, the holders, will take a deal of beating. The elder member of the team, Allison, is deadly overhead—almost as deadly, though not so spectacular, as J. C. Gregory; Van Ryn is a very fine player at the net. Their main difficulties will be Lott and Doeg, or Gregory and Collins. The former pair consists of one player with a deadly cannon-ball service and a hair-raising smash, and one who knows the doubles game like his own name. Doeg, knowing his weakness, will take return of service only from the ground. For the rest he will stay at the net where he is unquestionably extremely dangerous.

The Australian doubles pair should not be over formidable. They were effectively smothered in the Davis Cup by Collins and Gregory. Cochet and Brugnon may reach the semi—but Jacques is so weak overhead that it is doubtful if they will get even so far. Tilden and Coen I expect to be one of the last four pairs.

Collins and Gregory may possibly bring this event home. They know each other's play superbly, and Collins, despite his cramped style and awkward service, is adept at making the openings for his more spectacular partner to give the *coup de grâce*. For outright winners off return of service Gregory is supreme, but he is too erratic in a crisis to inspire with confidence any shrewd judge of championship play. He will usually try to win off his own racquet at a vital point.

The Ladies' Doubles should, I think, come, as last year, home to roost. Mrs. Wills-Moody is no doubles player; and these notes are written before the Wightman Cup, so I have no knowledge of the doubles-playing capacity of Miss Cross and Miss S. Palfrey. With the singles champion, Miss Cross went down in the third round last year to Mrs. McIlquham and Miss Harvey. The French pair are not expected to give much trouble. In Ladies' Doubles it is therefore probably Britain first and the rest nowhere.

The Mixed is a very open event. My personal choice is Borotra and Señorita de Alvarez to watch; Cochet and Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall to run up, if the Lyonnais will take the trouble—as he did not last year; and Tilden and Fräulein Cilly Aussem to win. Miss Ryan has, however, to be seriously considered in the mixed, now easily her best event. The combination of two such individualists as the Basque and the Spaniard, each with a style unique in the world, each temperamental to a degree, should provide brilliant—or tragic—lawn tennis.

Temperament on the court usually means tragedy.

I have, I see, tipped the favourites throughout! Cochet, Mrs. Wills-Moody, Allison and Van Ryn, an English Ladies' Double. On form, the favourite always wins! But I can see no Blenheim to outrun the tennis Diolites.

With a superb entry, one yet needs careful umpiring. There was a championship won not so long ago on a double hit, and last year it was very severely criticized — sometimes with justice. One needs, too, no "incidents" of the Lenglen type, but a fair, keen, and generous sportsmanship.

And, above all, one needs the sun.

**"THE FIRST TEN"**

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. Cochet. | 6. Lott. |
| 2. Lacoste. | 7. Doeg. |
| 3. Borotra. | 8. Van Ryn. |
| 4. Tilden. | 9. Austin. |
| 5. Hunter.* | 10. De Morpurgo. |

** Not competing this year.*

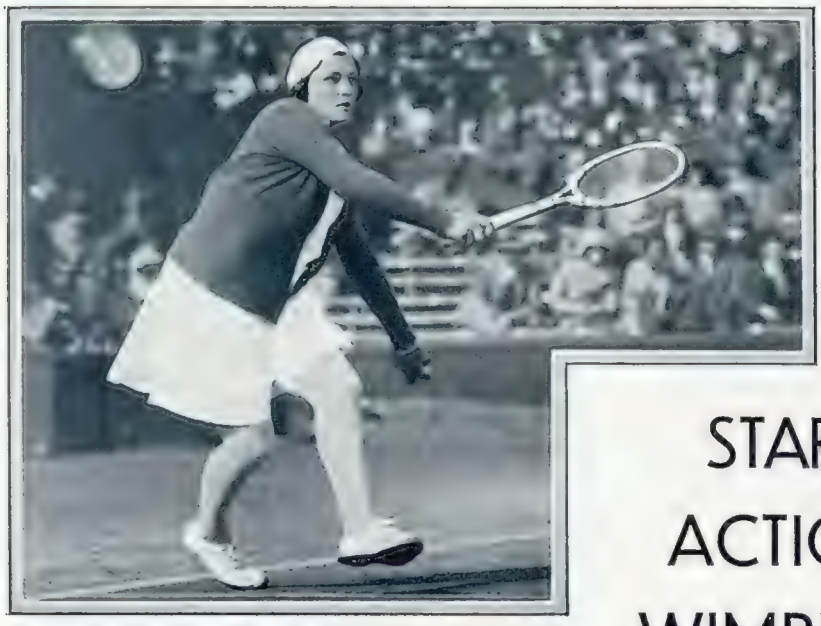
THE ALMOST CERTAIN CHAMPION: Mrs. Wills-Moody in play. Sherlock Holmes would deduce she had served one fault as the Champion always holds three balls to serve. Some players like holding one to even receive

# Racquet and Ball

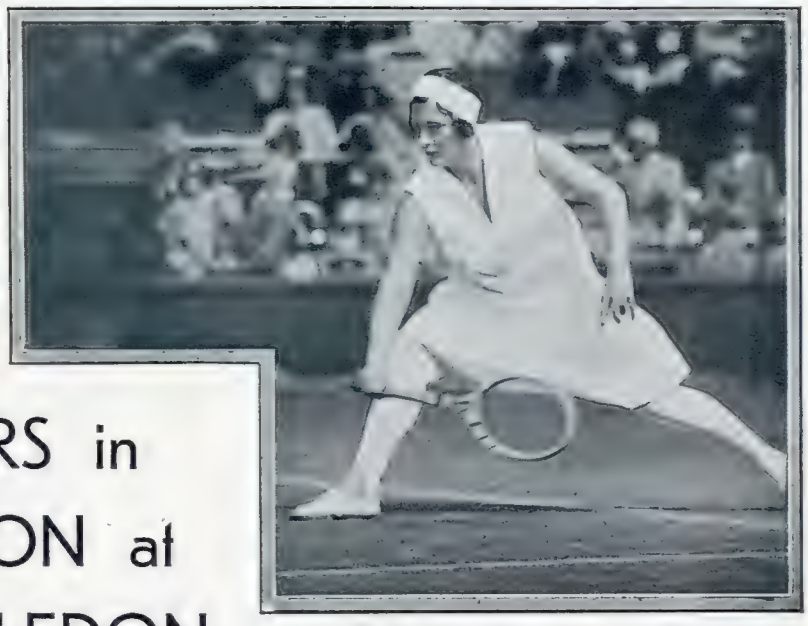
AN AMERICAN DOUBLES STAR: Miss Edith Cross, who partnered Miss S. Palfrey, the youthful tennis prodigy of the United States, in the Wightman Cup. Miss Cross hits a very hard ball, but, like most American ladies, is a finer singles than a doubles player. Miss Cross was defeated last year in the first round of the singles

THE PLAYER OF NO MISTAKES: Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody, whose immaculate lawn tennis is even more irreproachable in length, control, and severity than ever this year

LENGLEN OF GERMANY: Fräulein Cilly Aussem, who has improved out of all recognition in the past two years. She has been partnered by "Big Bill" Tilden in the South of France this year—an undoubted factor in the strengthening of her game. If she reproduces her usual form at Wimbledon she may possibly get into the last eight



AMERICA'S SECOND STRING: Miss Helen Jacobs, whose singles game is very powerful but whose doubles play (with Mrs. Wills-Moody) is not so strong as would be anticipated

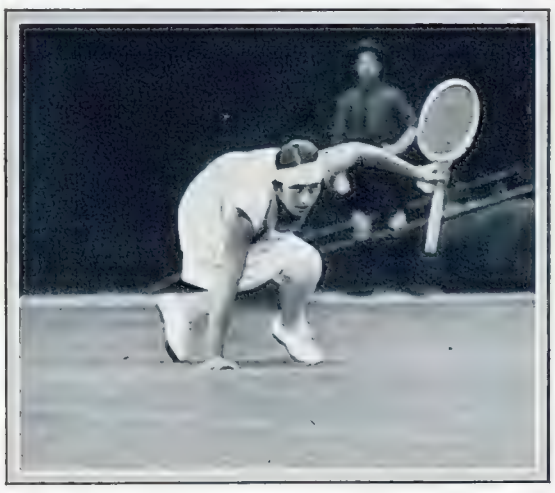


PLAYING FOR ENGLAND IN THE WIGHTMAN CUP: Miss Joan Fry, powerful in the forehand, steadier than before on the backhand, indefatigable in retrieving, severe overhead

## STARS in ACTION at WIMBLEDON

An octette of notable woman players who will be seen on the Centre and No. 1 Courts

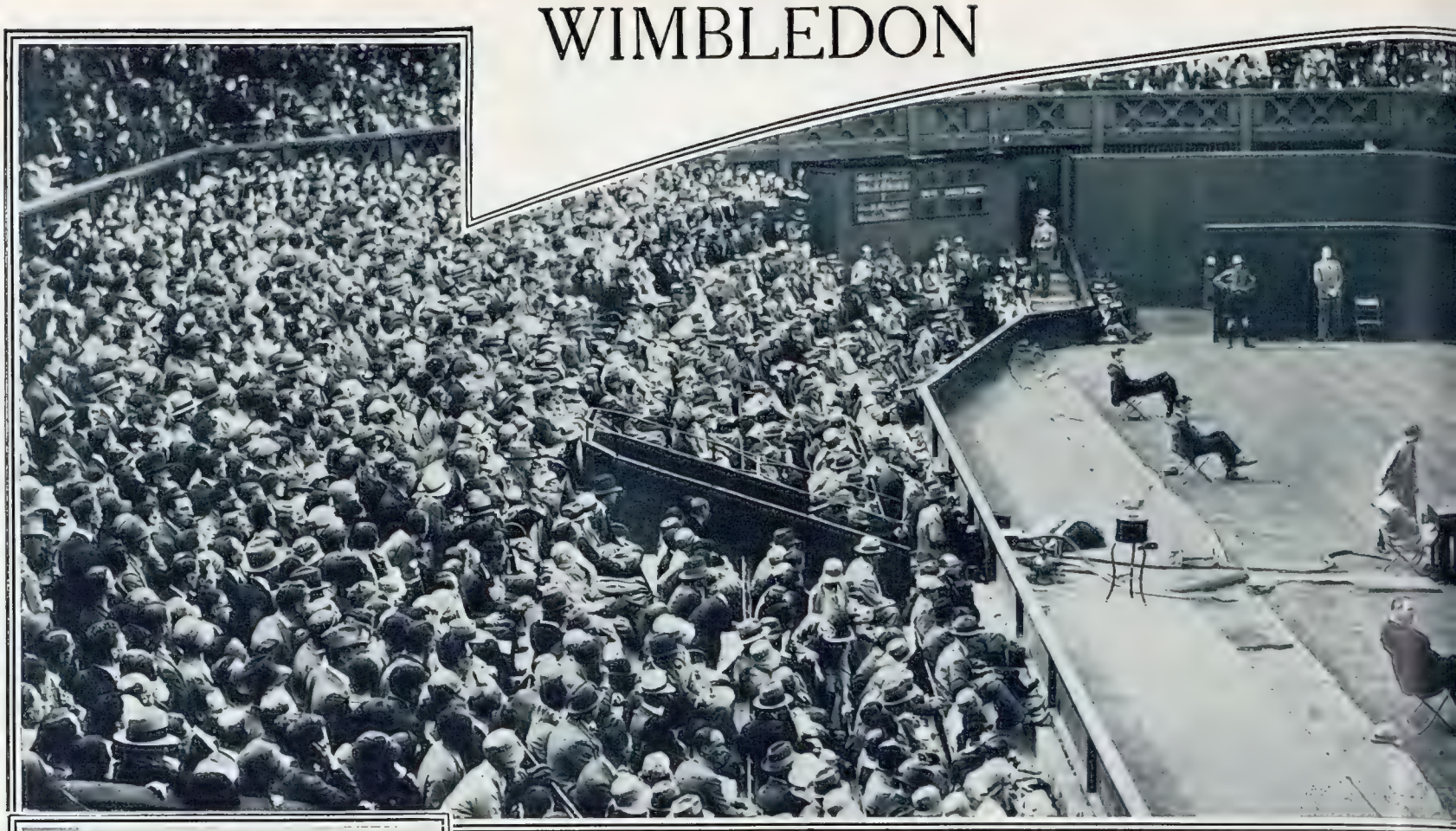
BRITAIN'S FAVOURITES: "Betty" and "Bunny," otherwise Miss Nuthall and Mr. H. W. Austin, who made a powerful "mixed" combination last year. Miss Nuthall has (to general surprise) been omitted from the Wightman Cup Team this year



THE MOST BRILLIANT STROKE PLAYER IN THE WORLD: Señorita de Alvarez, who takes an earlier ball and plays more gaily than any other first-class player. She is partnering Borotra in the doubles—a team, on its day, absolutely unbeatable

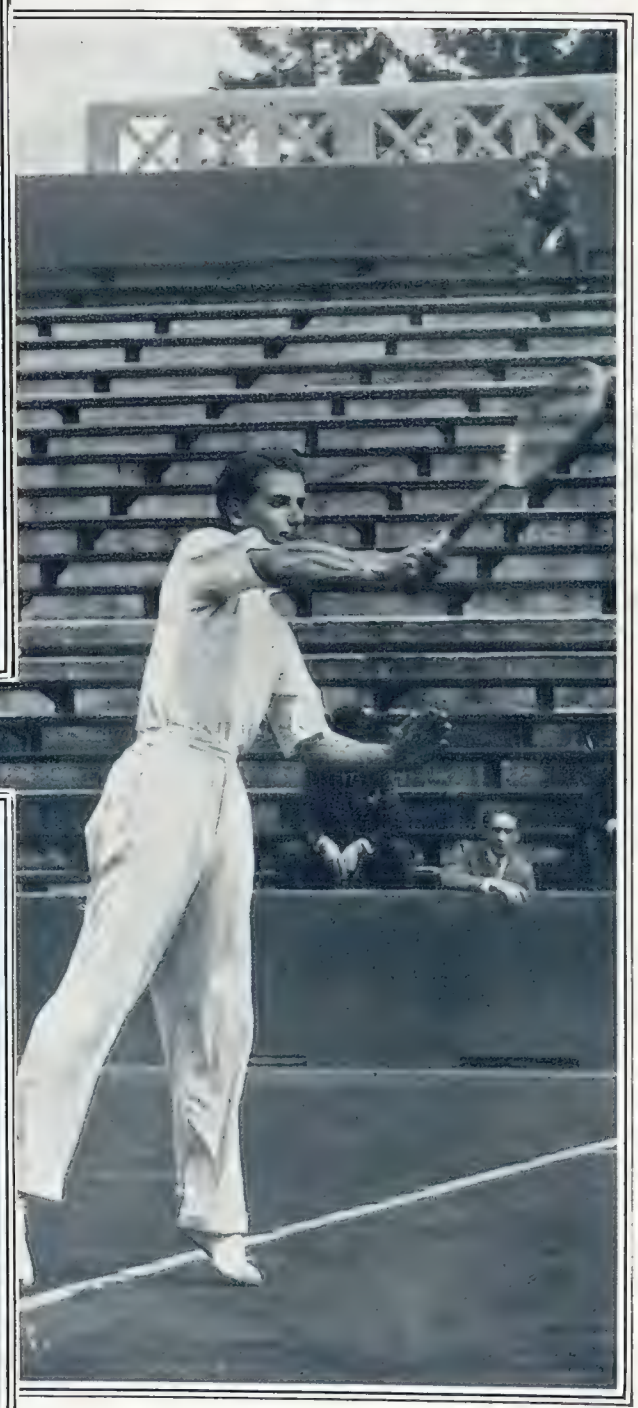
A NOTABLE BRITISH CANDIDATE: Miss Joan Ridley, an erratic but, on her day, a dangerous player, who might very easily spring a surprise on the Centre Court this year. Miss Ridley is "ever on the cards"

# WIMBLEDON



*A PLACE OF THRILLS AND "WILLS": A general view of a ladies' double in progress on the ground where al crisis, where sheer nerve—and nerves—play their part as much as racquet and ball, and victory is not infrequentl*

*A FORMIDABLE BRITON: J. S. Olitie, one of the younger players, who has been tried for the Davis Cup. He is very severe overhead in a men's double*



*BRITAINS BEST SINGLES PLAYER: H. W. (Bunny) Austin, who was dropped from the last Davis Cup, with disastrous results. The selectors were, however, justified, as he was sadly out of form. It is to be hoped he will find his form again in time for Wimbledon*

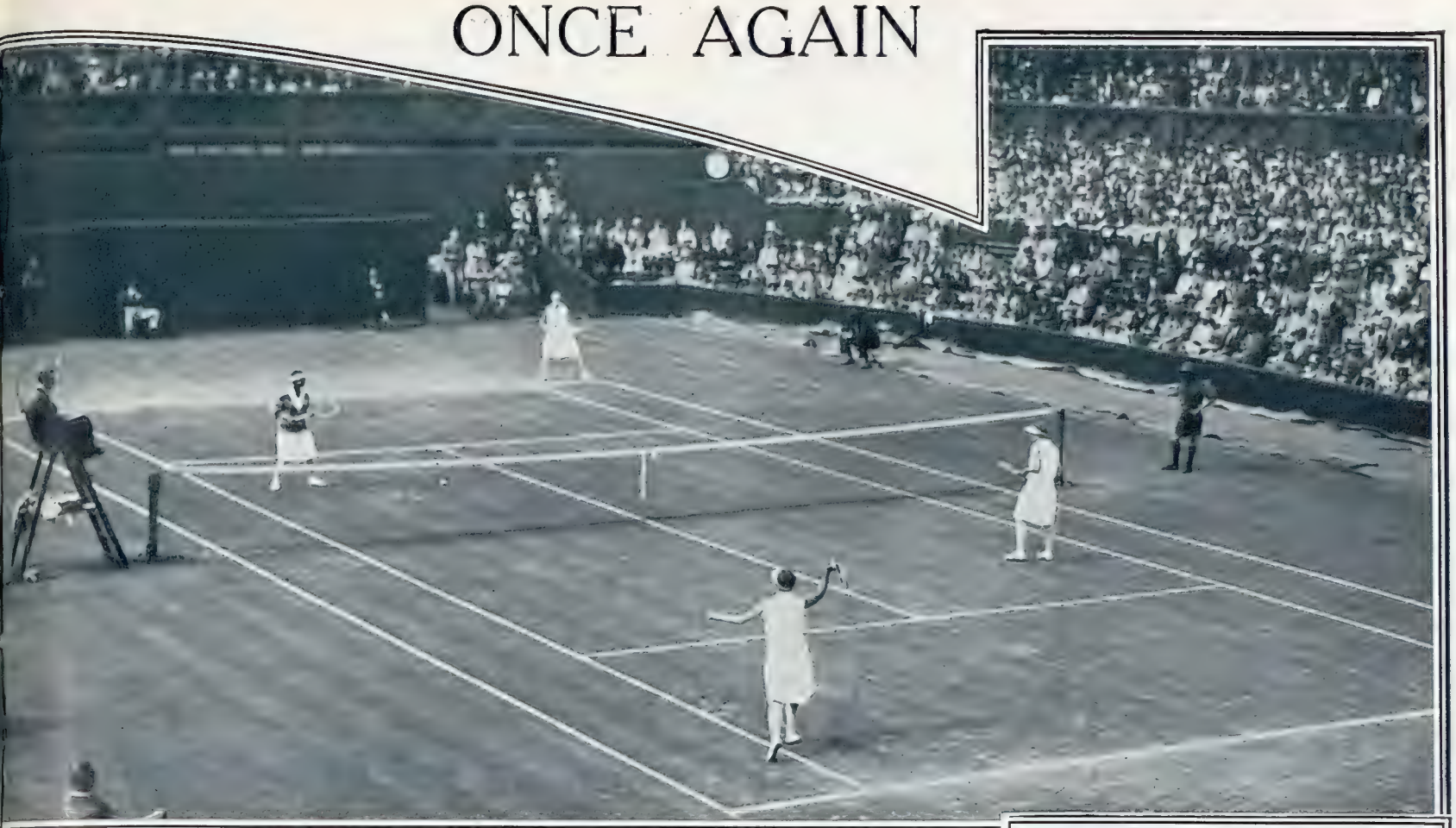
*A YOUTHFUL BRITISH HOPE: F. J. Perry, who has defeated many leading stars*

ENFANT TERRIBLE: *Miss S. Palfrey, a Wightman Cup doubles player*

*A COMING CHAMPION: Christian Boussus of France, whose play will in a few years give the overlords at the present time furiously to think—to fear—and to play*

*AMERICA'S BEST DOUBLES TEAM: W. Allison and J. van Ryn, who won an epic contest in the final last year. They are the favourites this year for this event*

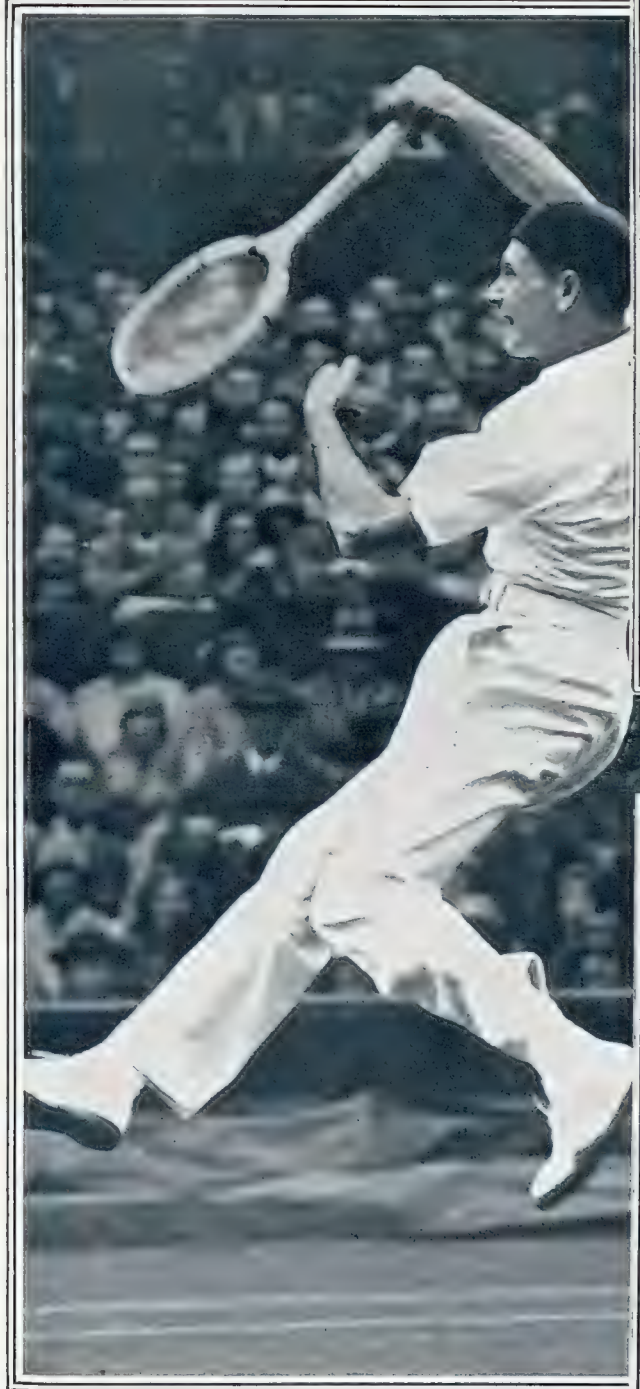
# ONCE AGAIN



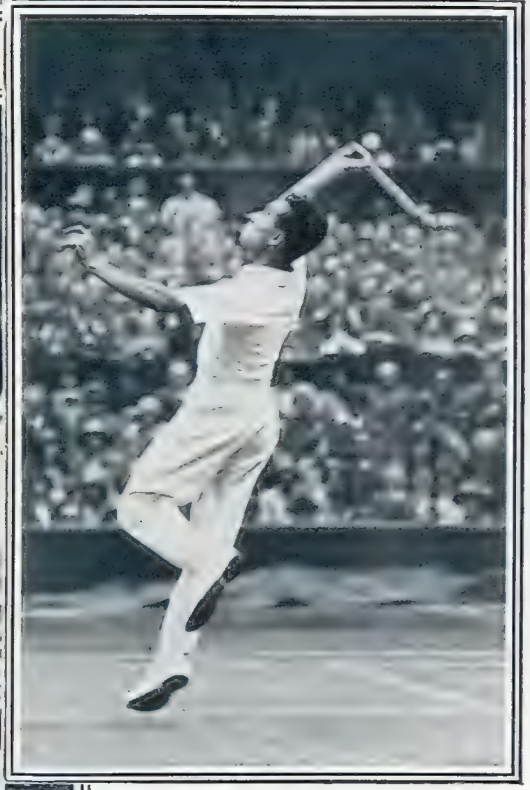
*layers, from rabbits to stars, have an ambition to play at least once. The Centre Court is pre-eminently a place of thrill and t to the strong nor the race to the swift. Wimbledon is a place where* moral *is every bit as important as stroke*

*AMERICA'S THIRD STRING: G. M. Lott, who is a dangerous doubles challenger*

*AUSTRALIA'S BEST: J. Crawfurd, who has every stroke, and should reach the last eight*



*THE IDOL OF THE CROWD: Jean Borotra, who is the most spectacular volleyer in the world. His weakness—and his strength—is his temperament. He may get to the final, but his danger is the linesman. Foot-faulting is a grave danger to him*



*'THE LITTLE MAN FROM LYONS": Henri Cochet, who is certain, on form, to win the singles. He is playing with Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall in the mixed*

*BRITAIN'S BEST DOUBLES TEAM: J. C. Gregory and I. G. Collins who may conceivably reverse last year's defeat in the final and bring the men's doubles home to roost*

*"BIG BILL": W. T. Tilden, who is invincible for two sets, but will probably go down in a strenuous five-set match—almost certainly to Cochet, possibly to Borotra*

Drawn by F. MATANIA

THE FIRST WAR

*WHEN WAR WAS AT LEAST SOMETHING OF A GAME: British officers take a cup of tea in a ruined homestead. It was moments such as these that inspired Ian Hay and Bruce Bairnsfather to idealize and humorize the conditions of war*

# There were TWO WARS in FRANCE

## And the Battle of the Somme Marked the Division Between Them

By FERDINAND TUOHY

Do war books serve the ends of peace? Opinions differ.

Do they give a distorted picture for so much concentration upon the non-commonplace?

Probably.

Was the war just a welter of horror and filth and nothing else?

Ah! that is where I wish to contribute a thought. It seems to be where we are groping most, still. Trying to assess what, if any, benefit to soul or character may have lurked in the holocaust, trying to disentangle what, if any, "ennobling qualities" may have lingered side by side with the brutish degradation. It is here that discussion is apt to wax warmest, and the point in debate to get most involved.

Many aver that there was no credit side whatever, that the whole thing was bestial and appalling from start to finish and without as much as one relieving ray. Others argue that the spirit of sacrifice, the comradeship, the cancelling of class distinction, the will to endure hardship, the obedience, aye, and the "rags" in rest and the crowning thrill of leave . . . that these and other factors infused that elusive "something else" into the war in France and Flanders which many have been seeking to isolate and examine. Leading articles have appeared on the subject, the newspapers have been swamped with correspondence, even statesmen have deigned to give their opinions, while book-reviewers have spun out countless columns round and about this bristling question of whether the war was all filth and horror and nothing else.

Soon—as we go rolling on to meet the taste of this bright age of sensation, rolling on from stark abomination to sex "with a kick" and with a look-in on glory by the way—soon I daresay we shall have a war book about all this war-book disputation and debate. Meanwhile I submit this—that no satisfactory answer to the problem posed will be forthcoming, that it will not be possible to weigh the unmitigated horror and the "something else" until we dissect the late war and contemplate it in two separate and distinct phases.

There were, I contend, two types of campaign on the Western Front. Two distinct phases of the B.E.F.'s existence and campaigning, a sharp dividing line between them. And what attraction to events, what feel of adventure, what dying glamour that there was, what wistful memories may survive to-day, belonged and belong almost entirely to one of these periods—the first. Yet most critics and commentators envisage events as had they formed a one and indivisible whole—was the war this, was the war the other?—thereby handing on confusion of thought. Whereas in the first period there definitely was a different atmosphere abroad, a different joint state of mind, and different conditions, the trio going to form that "something else" (and being responsible for the different memories to-day), the second period of the war in France was unrelieved mechanical hell and surging drabness. And it is from this second period that the All Quieters leap (in literature) almost to a man.

The fact should be closely noted. These are the writers who tread hard down on the "filth and horror" pedal, who fail to see any other side. Men who almost without exception select that ghastliest of all human Calvaries, Passchendaele, for the blazing climax to their tales. Turn from them to an Ian Hay, and what do you find? True enough, Major Beith wrote while the conflict was still in progress, but his was not mere propaganda. He didn't fake the spirit, the cheeriness of the First Hundred Thousand at Loos, in the *first* period of the war. Nor did Bairnsfather, at the same period, just imagine Old Bill. Each gave of what he was living at the time. Yet think of such a chronicle or of such a character emanating from the later stages of the war!

There was a great divide in Flanders and Artois and Picardy, and it was the Battle of the Somme. Men's minds changed after that. So did the war. In every respect, socially and personally no less than in matters military. If one look at things in that light, much that may have been confusing should become clarified. Contemplate the campaign in two divisions. Up to the summer of 1916. And after. In 1917 and 1918 the war in France assuredly *was* everything that has been said of it—an annihilating inferno of human experience without parallel on this earth, inflicted upon men grown sick unto death in their souls and grown also to be so many automata, taken for granted, many of them, even by their nearest. Nothing "hanging to" being in khaki *then*. Heroism, fineness, endurance, were of course common to both periods. But the "something else" was largely eradicated for ever on the Somme. Things were never again the same after that battle — even while it was still being fought the change crept over the B.E.F. (I am leaving armlets and tribunals entirely out of account. The thing was much too involved for that, even if I were hovering round discrimination. Masses of the "later" men had joined up with the earlier ones. Others were not old enough at the start. More, again, were honestly kept at home. Even as a quantity of the "early" men were to go on into 1917 and 1918. So that this computation has naught to do with persons or categories, but with the changing nature of the conditions under which hostilities came to be dragged out.)

It may have been just as dreadful to die on the wire of a Festubert or a Loos as it was subsequently at St. Quentin, but the surrounding atmosphere in the earlier stages made the war more bearable at times, even something of an adventure still. There was hope, then—born of non-experience. The whole thing was *new*. There was tremendous keenness, *esprit-de-corps*, good companionship. With all the hardship of the trenches a lightheartedness prevailed. Nearly all the songs and the famous mademoiselles and the jokes came from this first period. The football that was kicked over the top at Loos was no mean symbol; or that hunting-horn of Colonel Campbell's. It is impossible also—for it supports this general contention—to pass by the spontaneous way the Territorials and first hundred thousands of Kitchener's Army had offered themselves, for their very alacrity showed them to be the men at home most attuned temperamentally to the call that had been made. These men obviously had an outlook, a make-up of their own, and it is to disparage no one to say so. Moreover they walked as individual heroes when in England; as they were to find "behind the lines" in France and Flanders an uncongested zone of still comparatively well-disposed peasantry. Later, "behind the lines" was to become a seething mess of bad-tempered locals who had had enough.

In those days men still felt that they—individually—could affect the course of events, and it afforded no little sustenance. The Regulars and the earlier citizen formations were engaged in the thrilling, historical task of stemming the Germans prior to pushing them east. A single battalion—the Worcesters at Gheluvelt—could still turn a whole tremendous battle and save the Channel Ports. The individual still felt he possessed a right arm with which to strike.

But do not misunderstand me. This is no thesis that events were cushy in the first period. Battles were admittedly on a far lesser scale—57,000 casualties at Loos as against 500,000 at Passchendaele—yet the early birds knew and suffered many things that their successors were to escape. Their turn in line would be twice or thrice as long; leave was a toss-up; comforts were at a premium; alleged trenches—not the concrete affairs of a later day—crumbled away in ooze; gas protection consisted of moistened rags; high-explosive shells were non-existent; the amazing medical arrangements that were to come were only being thought out; boredom was utter, de-lousing rare; the first and second winters must have tested a Scott or an Amundsen. Yet, with all these cares and hardships and suffering, the earlier B.E.F. did experience sensations that were to be denied to participants in the second period.

The cry of torment and degradation mounts essentially from the last two years, when vulgarization had set in (I hope my use of the word is understood), and the pre-Somme common bond had been sundered by the very crowding of troops to France. The men who came later (or those who were carrying on) were introduced to a war that was not only getting drabber hour by hour—the newness, the sense of adventure gone clean out of it—but which was parallely developing into a pounding, gassing, raving Hades. A vast, jostling, overcrowding of new levies had supervened. Hope, keenness had been superseded by numbed resignation or sombre bitterness. Men were daily feeling themselves drawn more and more into the fearful vortex of the mechanical as great new and dreadful engines were trundled by in their view.

(*Continued on page* 648)

THE SECOND WAR

*WHEN WAR WAS A VULGARIZED, MECHANIZED HELL: A scene when all was noisy on the Western Front, and scarcely a gleam of humour or humanity lit the lowering clouds of battle*

# "THE SPHERE" SURVEYS THE WORLD.

DEADLOCK IN BORI BUNDER, BOMBAY: A procession was held recently when "more than a lakh of people joined together to make a demonstration against the atrocities of the police and cannibalism exercised over the salt raiders at Dharasana." Inverted commas mark the words of the actual Indian caption. Traffic was held up by a posse of police and the procession facing each other for four hours

THE APOTHEOSIS OF CAROL II: The King of Roumania enthroned during the proclamation. At Carol's right is M. Mironescu, the Premier of a day, who held the office only during the transformation from Regency to Royalty. M. Maniu, the former "Peasant" Premier, is forming a Coalition Government which will co-opt from every party in the Government save the Liberal or Bratianu group. With the probable reconciliation with the newly proclaimed Queen (Princess Hélène) and the gesture of an amnesty, and with a diplomatic *rapprochement* with the Queen Mother, Carol II seems for the moment firmly established on the throne. His morganatic wife, Zizi Lambrino, and the companion and cause of his exile, Mme Lupescu, have both accepted the situation

RECONSTRUCTION TRIUMPHANT: The re-building of the cathedral at Albert is now complete. The figure of the Virgin, which hung precariously during the war, has been re-erected

# *Now BARABBAS was (not) a Publisher, and here's a History to Prove it*

*Some Reviews by*

## CECIL ROBERTS

Perhaps the most brilliant thing done by those bright brothers, Messrs. Alec and Evelyn Waugh, was to choose Mr. Arthur Waugh as their father. With one-tenth of his intelligence, one-quarter of his charm, and one-half of his talent they would have won their way among our bright young selves. Here is a book by Mr. Arthur Waugh, not the charming essayist or the sane critic, but Mr. Waugh the publisher, *A Hundred Years of Publishing* (Chapman and Hall, Ltd. 15s.). My name will not be discovered among the "finds" that his house so proudly proclaims in the last chapter of this entrancing book, but I have so nearly been a Chapman and Hall author, have so often intruded myself in that calm Henrietta Street atmosphere, to chat with the elder or the younger Waughs, that I feel entitled to say "Many Happy Returns" on this occasion of Chapman and Hall's hundredth birthday.

I first broke into print at the age of seventeen as the very latest poet, quite certain no such event had arisen since Keats put forth his first book. The divine afflatus has died long since in me—if ever it lived. But amid the dumb disdain one important critic awarded me the bays—Mr. Arthur Waugh. I should have rewarded his generosity with a best-selling "first" novel. I did not, and he has never reproached me. I do not think he has it in his heart to reproach any author. We can behave like monsters, but the tradition of Chapman and Hall forbids even a frown.

This history of a notable house is in large part the history of the last hundred years of English literature. It published *The Pickwick Papers*. One evening in December, 1833, when Mr. Hall was putting up the shutters, a young man came and asked for a copy of the *Monthly Magazine*, the firm's paper. The boy—he was only twenty-one—recorded later how his eyes "were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street." It was Dickens, for the first time in print; the author beginning his career in the pages of that magazine.

Trollope, Harrison Ainsworth, Lever, "Festus" Bailey, Meredith—all had associations with this house. There is a fine portrait of Meredith as "reader"—an impressive figure—whose novel, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, Mudie's had declined to circulate as too shocking! Meredith rejected *East Lynne*, but the firm supported him. He had called it "foul," and was not alone in his judgment. He rejected *The Heavenly Twins*, and it was never held up against him. When he left Chapman and Hall's Mr. Waugh laments an error that "cost the house deeply in credit and cash alike."

Not a little of the interest of this survey is in its insight into ways and means. The sums earned by authors, the costs of publishing, the change in methods of advertising, all the lesser-known aspects are faithfully dealt with, and somehow Mr. Waugh has made these as engrossing as the more personal narrative. This book puts on record an honourable achievement in an honourable profession.

*ANTHONY TROLLOPE: A Chapman and Hall author who figures in Mr. Arthur Waugh's book*

I have observed among my elders a real fear that they might cease to be progressive. I find them loudly applauding the newest and most unintelligible authors, with whom it is impossible for them to have anything in common. I know one eminent scribe who regards Mr. Wyndham Lewis as a prophet, but in vain do I ask for grounds for this veneration. Here is Mr. Lewis again, with his largest and most incomprehensible work, *Apes of God* (the Arthur Press. £3 3s.). This novel represents a mass attack on the reader. It weighs 5 lb. 5 oz., is 10 in. by 7, and 3 in. thick. All the saga writers can consider themselves knocked out. The publisher's trumpet announces that this work is not unlike *Tarr*, Mr. Lewis's "unforgettable" picture, and deals with the subject of his "great" pamphlets. Thus chastened, I dipped into these six hundred pages. Neither the opening, the middle, nor the end could dissipate the impression that reader and writer do not speak the same language:

> "A cat like a beadle goose-stepped with eerie convulsions out of the night cast by a cluster of statuary, from the recesses of the entrance hall. A maid with matchless decorum left a door silently, she removed a massive copper candlestick. She reintegrated the gloom that the cat had left."

A paragraph like that is so desperately original that it becomes farce. But the English language can be tortured into something even more bizarre—

> "And now the morning eye-glue of yellow-lidded, sleek-necked Joo, was attacked by the tear-glands which he had. This was but a desiccated trickle because Joo was a parched wilderness of an organism so much more colloid than aquatic."

Upon coming to "her lips falling like a fire-hammer upon her friend's slack cheeks," I gave up. This is not literature, it is insolence. I don't mind being called ignorant or old-fashioned for saying so. Three guineas for six hundred pages of illiteracy should satisfy the hunger of limited edition collectors. But this book will probably set the pundits squabbling, which is exactly what pleases its author. I should not have fallen into the trap myself—but 5 lb. 5 oz. on the head of a reviewer stirs him if it does not stun him.

*WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH: A Chapman and Hall author who was a master of historical romance*

When I asked Mr. E. Burgin the other day what it felt like to have written one hundred novels, he replied, "I don't know—I've just written my one-hundred-and-first." I suppose now the world will take no more notice of his industry until he reaches his second century, which is very unfair. Most authors begin to be paralysed by their past achievements. Sir Philip Gibbs, confronted the other day by a delightful leather-bound collected edition of his works, said he felt frightened to death. Perhaps that is why some authors "collect" themselves so early. Max began life with "the Collected Works of Max Beerbohm." Here is Miss Edith Sitwell with *Collected Poems* (Duckworth. 8s. 6d.). This does not mean the end of Miss Sitwell's muse. It means only the reappearance of work that nobody took much notice of, except "Sitwellians," when it first was published, and which went out of print. With this book in hand, and an earnest determination to find poetry in it, I retired to a corner of the garden, reminding myself that there have been obtuse reviewers who poured early scorn on Keats and Shelley; that, moreover, the Sitwells have now a following in *The Daily Mail* as well as the cul-de-sacs of Chelsea.

After reading this collection twice I cannot dismiss the suspicion that Miss Sitwell is writing with her tongue in her cheek, and is terribly afraid of being understood. It denotes a state of mind owing much to Miss Gertrude Stein, but the really serious complaint I have to make is that the poetess degenerates into a jingle, noseled by her rhymes. One can smile at the desperate imagery of "a cold pig-snouted breeze," but not when married to that banal rhyme "trees." How slackly Miss Sitwell sits her muse can be seen in the headlong rush to rhyme of—

> "Like Good Prince Albert's seemed the gushing hair
> Of Papa's bushed whiskers; resting there
> They seemed like fireworks at the Crystal Palace
> Exploding sharply, without ire or malice."

Whether malice applies to whiskers or fireworks does not matter—the rhyme's the reason, and there's an end of it. Even originality at any expense is missed in "Gold Coast Customs"—the thing has been done better in matter and manner by Vachel Lindsey. It is like a return to sanity to turn from—

> "There still remains Eternity
> (Swelling the diocese)–
> That elephantiasis,
> The flunkeyed and trumpeting Sea!"

to the real beauty and vision of—

> "And there, with Fortune, I too sit apart
> Feeling the jewel-torn flower, the flower-torn heart,
> Knowing not goddess's from beggar's bones,
> Nor all death's gulf between those semitones."

Perhaps Time will tire out Miss Sitwell's posturing and the very real poet will emerge from the costume of Harlequin. This collection reveals hopeful rents in her bizarre attire. Or is it that I am blind and deaf? Candidly, I cannot understand Miss Sitwell.

*VEILING UNINTELLIGIBILITY: The wrapper of "The Apes of Goa," by Wynaham Lewis, reviewea below*

I wonder whether Mr. Compton Mackenzie, who has just given us a new book in his blithest manner, knows that there is an island for sale? I regard him, since his sojourn in Capri and Herm, as the leader of the "island" school, whose motto might be "isolation, inspiration, no taxation." Any of his followers would do well to purchase the Calf of Man, which is for sale, with a lighthouse lantern converted into a study. Following Daudet, why not a book entitled *Letters from a Lighthouse*—or perhaps some admirer of *To the Lighthouse* will present the island to Mrs. Virginia Woolf?

The other day Mr. R. C. Sherriff told me that when he went to see the film of *Journey's End* he diffidently mentioned his name, whereupon the manager of the cinema gladly greeted him with, "Oh, you're the man who wrote the words!" I think even that was a tribute to his fame. There are very few readers who notice or remember the names of the authors whose books they read. Recently an intelligent friend asked me to listen to a record by Nellie Wallace. He couldn't read her books, he said, but adored her comic songs.

I do remember the name of the author of *Little Cæsar*. Mr. W. R. Burnett's book was a vigorous study of Chicago's gunmen, with much dramatic power. He has followed this up with *Iron Man* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), which is a story of the ring, told with the same crisp Americanese—the book needs a glossary for anyone not born within smell of the Dearborn River. I read it to marvel again at the vigour of the American phrase. The book is a liberal education in the evolution of language. It flickers like a bad film, yet has that strange force of unliterary form so often attractive to our sophisticated ears. Mr. Burnett has discovered a new Kiplingese in his Bowery toughs and Chicago fans.

I did not find *African Drums* (Gollancz. 15s.), by Fred Puleston, as exciting as the title or the cost of the book implies. These essays which set out to startle are really very tame things, and even the chapter on "The Truth about Cannibalism" might have been transcribed from a Lyons' tea house. The writing is poor but honest.

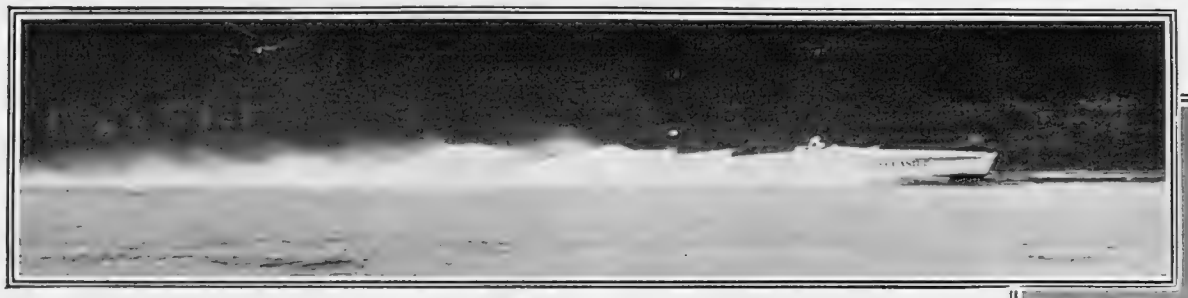
Miss Pamela Hinkson should and does know how to write a readable story. *Wind From the West* (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.) is worthy of the daughter of Katharine Tynan. Her study of the minor French aristocracy has the note of fidelity throughout, and the Breton landscape supplies a setting that gives the story its motif.

It is a gruesome idea to write a book solely about the last hours of a man in the condemned cell, and still more gruesome to open the story with the joy of the reprieved man finding himself home again—in a dream. The story is very well done, *While There is Life* (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), and Mr. Will Markall has put a new interpretation upon Christianity which is as reasonable as it is singular. It all makes a powerful tract for the abolition of capital punishment.

The trouble with so many of these Russian authors is that they have very little to say and take such a long time to say it. *Tashkent*, by Alexander Neverov (Gollancz. 6s.), is the story of a small boy who tramps 1,300 miles in search of food. The story could have been told better in twenty instead of two hundred pages. At moments the dialogue approaches idiocy.

Here is a rollicking adventure in Cineraria—one of those kingdoms that provide novelists with kings, grand dukes, princesses, villains, and British heroes. *The Thirty Thieves*, by Dyke Acland (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), has all the well-known ingredients. It is readable, keeps one guessing, and has a grand duchess for whom one feels really sorry. Good for the week-end bag.

*BEFORE THE TRIUMPH: Miss England II surrounded by spectators on Lake Windermere. A new bronze propeiler had been fitted, replacing the broken one shattered in an unofficial trial, and two laps had been successfully covered at a mean speed of 98+ m.p.h., when the tragedy occurred on the third lap. The craft, which cost £25,000 and took six months to build, was totally destroyed, as may be seen below*



*THE TRIUMPH: Miss England II covering space at the unprecedented speed of over 100 m.p.h. —a rate which, at the price of its achiever's death, brought the water-record from America to England*

*A PRELIMINARY FAILURE: The craft developed a defect in her cooling system before she attempted official trials or Sir Henry Segrave took the wheel*

# The PRICE of PACE

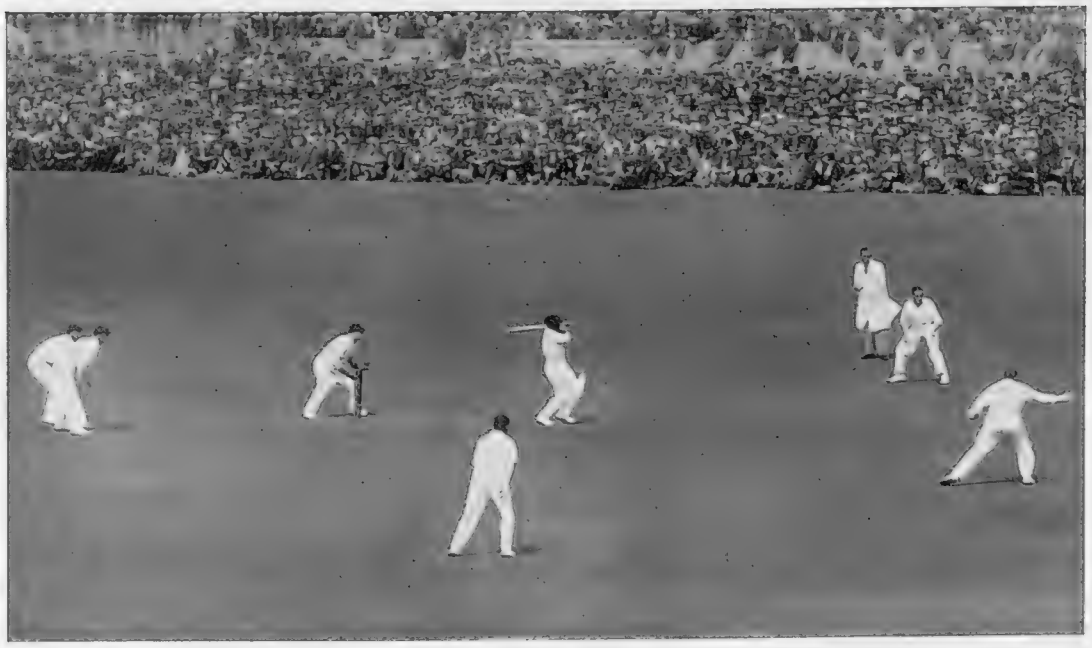
*Sir Henry Segrave's simultaneous triumph and tragedy on the placid waters of Windermere, when he broke the water record for England, and lost his life to do it. Sir Henry thus joins the "noble army of martyrs" who have given their lives for an idea*

*THE TRAGEDY: Miss England II, a hole ripped in her keel, her engine twisted to wire, is towed to the water's edge. A 20-ft. branch of a tree, bearing marks of a collision, has been recovered from the lake. Sir Henry Segrave's first words on recovering consciousness were: "Have I broken the record?" The King and Queen and the Prince of Wales sent messages of condolence to Lady Segrave*

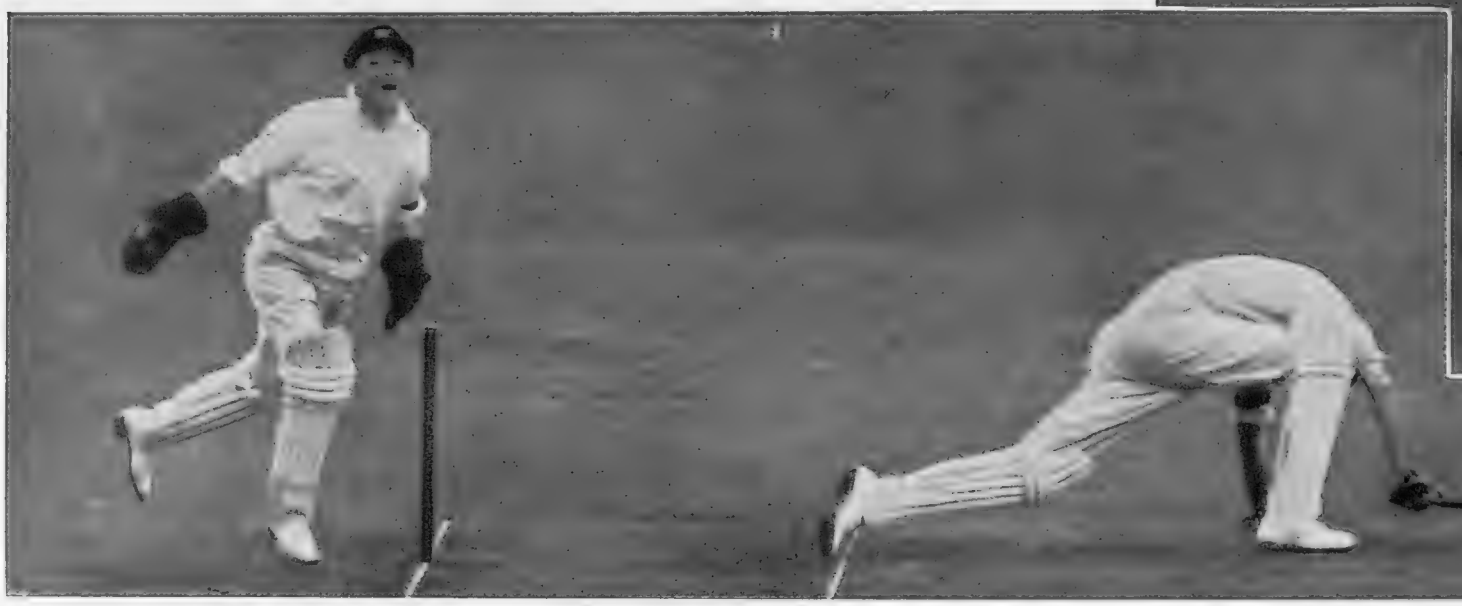
*THE PRICE OF PACE: The nose of Miss England II stands up out of the water after the tragedy in which Sir Henry Segrave, the King of Speed on land and water, added fresh laurels to his crown in the hour of his death*

# THE TEST MATCH

## *Vital Vignettes Telephotographed in the First Innings*



THE "BOY WONDER": D. G. Bradman puts Tyldesley to the boundary before ingloriously falling to a glorious ball from Tate. In the slips, Hammond and Woolley are seen, while the leaping figure of England's Captain is easily recognisable. Sutcliffe is at square leg and Hobbs in his usual position at cover. The delightful crowd is clearly reproduced by the new telephotographic process



A FIRST-INNINGS TRAGEDY: When Sutcliffe, given one "life" in the slips off Grimmett, went with 29 to his name, and Hammond fell for only 8 to the wily Anzac, Woolley, the most graceful batsman in the country, came in. Hope soared high in the patriotic breast. But the great Kent all-rounder was stumped first ball by Oldfield off Grimmett. Many self-appointed selectors regretted K. S. Duleepsinghi had not been preferred to "F. E."

AUSTRALIA'S FIRST-INNINGS STAND: With Woodfull, Ponsford, and Bradman victims of Tate in his "inspired" spell, stone-walling was the order of the day. Tyldesley bowling to Kippax—who made sixty vital runs on Saturday—while Fairfax kept up an end. Chapman is seen in his usual eager position while Hobbs is also recognizable. Duckw standing well up to the comparatively slow bowling of Tyldesley, while Hammond is in the slips. Hendren—surest of fielders in the deep, and fast despite the shortness of his legs—is at l Kippax's knock, reinforced by Richardson's innings, was the making of the Australian score

NDING BACK TO LARWOOD: The Notts express merchant is seen above bowling. Even Duckworth, a crack wicket-keeper, stands well back to him. Tyldesley, who ads the bowling averages, is seen on the off-side. The perspective of the picture enhances the smallness of the Trent Bridge ground, but boundaries are admittedly not so difficult of achievement at Nottingham as they are at, say, Lord's or the Oval

AN ELEVEN OF SUPERLATIVES: From left to right, standing—Duckworth, the most alert; R. W. V. Robins, the most courageous; Woolley (F. E.), the most graceful; Tate, the most ardent; Tyldesley (R.), the most stolid; Hendren, the most amusing. Seated—Larwood, the most express; Hammond, the most powerful; A. P. F. Chapman, the most inspiring; Hobbs, the greatest; Sutcliffe, the most sure. The "great" bats of the side—Woolley, Hammond, Hendren, and, to a less degree, Sutcliffe, failed in the first innings; Hobbs, however, as so often in the past, was the mainstay of the side, and the two amateurs, Chapman and Robins, produced gallant hitting. In the Australians' first innings Tate bowled with inspiration; Robins with great effect. Rain, the most successful England player, is not featured above!

# The ROMANCE of a VANISHING RACE

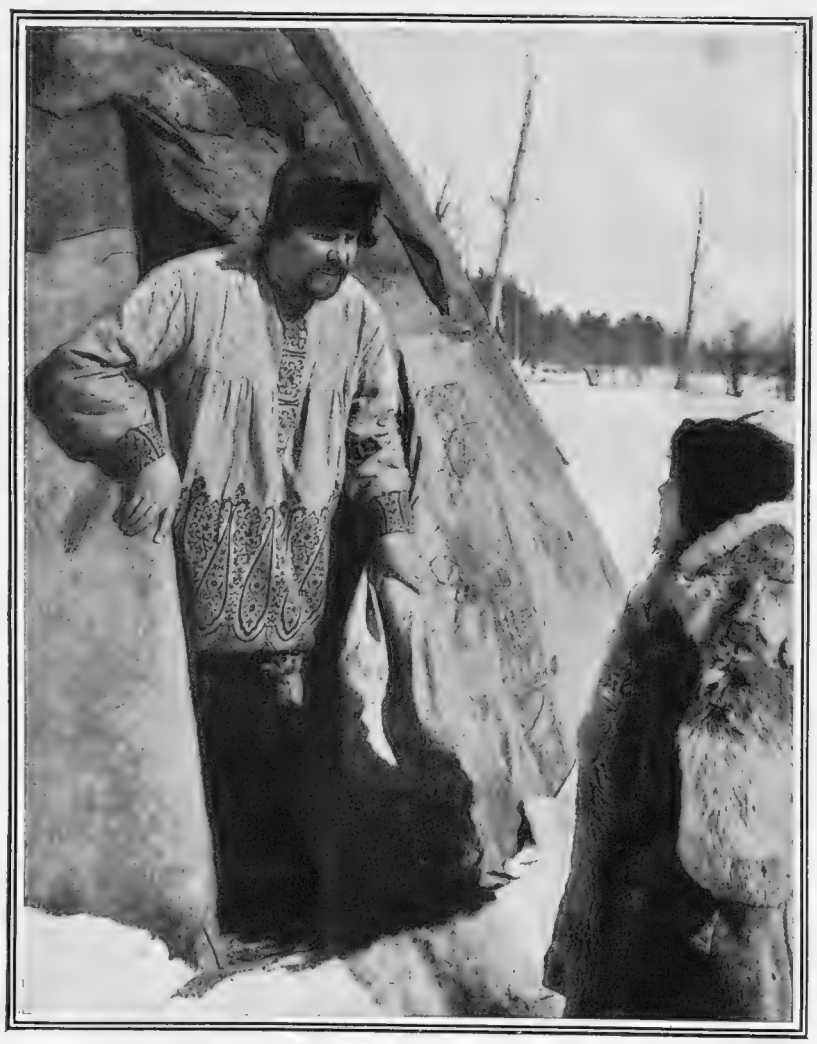
A TUNGUS SEA-OTTER HUNTER on the banks of the Kremitschar River. The bear-claws fastened in front of his throat have a leading connection with the Shaman cult which governs every aspect of the daily lives of this primitive people

UNTOUCHED BY CIVILIZATION: A typical Tungus of the Northern Siberian Forests, a pure and primitive Mongol type. His axe and head-scarf are Russian, traded for furs, while the remainder of his outfit is home-dressed reindeer skin

### NEW PICTURES OF A STRANGE RACE OF SIBERIAN WIGWAM DWELLERS

The Tunguses, a branch of the Mongols, are widely scattered along, and to the north of, the intersection of the Arctic Circle with Siberia. Of the Mongol race which, at one time, was the single population of what are now Russia's vast Asiatic possessions, these hardy and incurably independent nomads are perhaps the most ancient portion and that which has come least into contact with civilization. They still live in the deerskin wigwams which parallel the felt "yurts" of their southern cousins, and live a bitter hand-to-mouth existence on the borders of the great Siberian forests where these fade out into the "tundras," the frozen marsh plains which form the coastline of the Arctic Ocean. They are essentially forest hunters, and make a precarious living by pursuing fur-bearing animals, the skins of which they trade to the Russians in exchange for provisions, clothing, and other necessaries of life. Their numbers are steadily decreasing under the ravages of small-pox, scarlet-fever, and famine, while the disorganization of Russia, which brought all Siberian trading to a stop for ten years after the institution of the Soviet, has hastened their dissolution.

Civilization may be said barely to have touched them; a fact recognizable, if in no other particular, in their adherence to the ancient Shamanist cult which may be said to be the most ancient form of religion in the world. The operations of this system of black magic, and of the Shaman witch-doctors, are most mysterious, and have puzzled all investigators who have tried to find the reasons for the apparently very efficient intervention of frank devildom in the daily lives of the people.



THE COMMERCE OF THE SOVIET: A travelling Russian fur-agent, in the heavily embroidered shirt and motor helmet of civilization, talking to a young Tungus girl at the door of her parents' skin wigwam

A TUNGUS WOMAN at the door of the much-patched reindeer-skin wigwam, which forms her portable home. In that she wears a complete indoor dress of Russian cloth, and a Russian head-scarf, her husband is probably one of the more successful trading-hunters of her tribe

# HUSBANDRY AND HORSES.

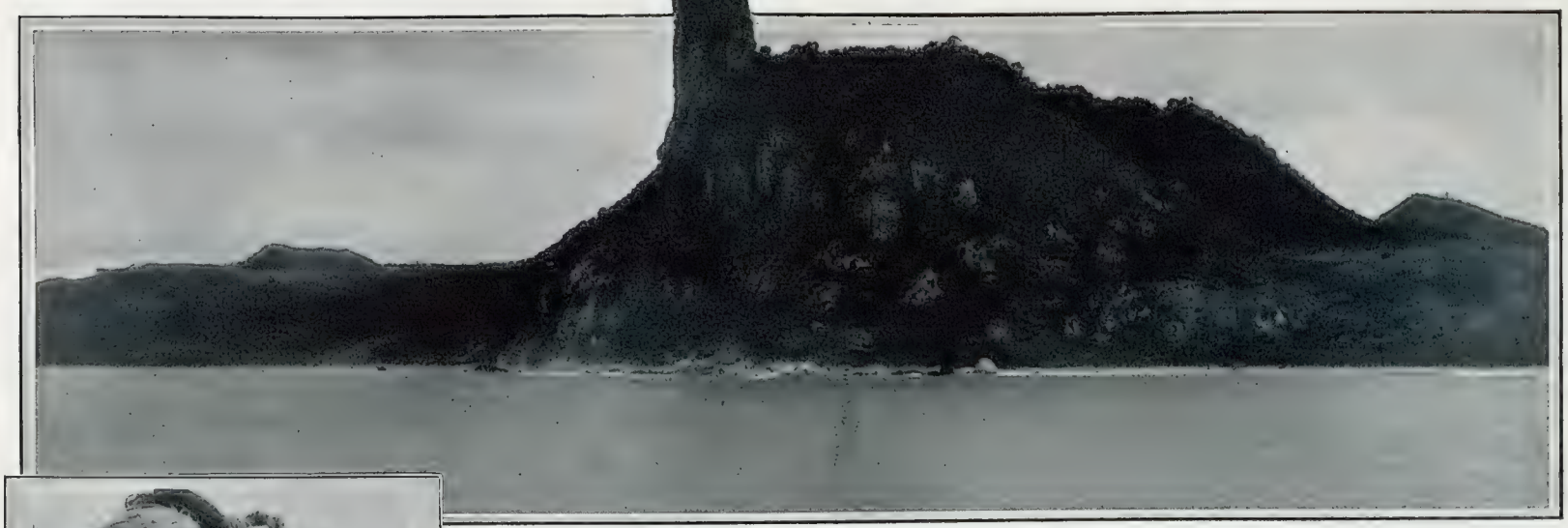
## Even in the Age of the Motor-car the Horse Still Holds its Own in the Country

*ALFRESCO MEALS: Ploughmen on the Berkshire Downs knock off for lunch—a contrast to the crowded city restaurant. Although February is the chief ploughing month, a good deal of ploughing may been seen in June, when certain fields are going fallow*

*AT THE RICHMOND HORSE SHOW: Horses in the ring await the judges. On left—MISS H. WHITE at the Essex Society Show at Epping*

*"HOMEWARD THE PLOUGHMAN": Competitors in a ploughing match at Great Haseley, Oxon*

# FERNANDO NORONHA: *An Atlantic Penal Colony*



*THE PEAK ON THE PENAL ISLAND: A general view of Fernando Noronha, 200 miles off South America. The famous column and pyramid rises to a height of 1,089 ft. facing the erosion of the tropical rains and the battering seas. The large island of the group is covered with stunted trees and shrubs, while the smaller islands are composed of naked rocks. Many large trees have been felled to prevent prisoners making rafts and escaping*

*RETURNING TO HIS LIGHTHOUSE WITH HIS DINNER: Norberto Flores, the keeper of the lighthouse on Kidnap Island, returns with an albacore he caught during a trip in a tiny raft-boat*

*A STARK SEA-MARK OF THE ATLANTIC: An impression of one of the minor islands of the Fernando Noronha group, low-lying with a rocky prominence*

Although in the course of the usual ship's run from Europe to the northern Brazilian ports the opportunity to view the island of Fernando Noronha is seldom given, because the larger liners usually pass this unique and lonely island in the dark (if the weather is fine) or the vessels keep out of sight if they pass during the day. It lies in lat. 3° 50″ S., long. 32° 25″ W., 200 miles off the South American mainland, from which it is divided by a channel 13,000 ft. deep. The nearest city of any importance is that of Pernambuco, Brazil. The rugged group is about 7 miles long by $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles in width. The component islets, portions of the crater rim of an ancient volcano, are of basaltic rocks; the whole seem almost worn away by the action of the denuding tropical rainfall and the battering seas, although the famous column and pyramid still rises to a height of 1,089 ft. unlike the dangerous St. Paul Rocks, which are only a few square yards in area and not more than 30 ft. high. Most of the smaller islets are bare of vegetation. Parts of the island, however, are still covered by a variety of stunted trees and shrubs; there is also a large variety of tropical weeds and edible berries. The deep blue sea in this part of the world is dangerously infested with sharks and other enemies of men. At present it is inhabited by some 700 odd convicts, with the necessary military force, and has also a cable and wireless station, with an Englishman from Bristol in charge. The Island has served as a landing point for aeroplane flights from Europe to South America, and the construction of a complete aviation base is in project.

C. C. H. W.

*A PENAL SETTLEMENT IN THE ATLANTIC: A "long-shot" by Fernando Noronha.* Inset above on right: *The Governor of the island is seen carried by half-a-dozen assassins and exiles in his particular "super-six" en route to an off-shore raft*

# ART *Symbolical and Decorative*

## Germany, America, and Japan Produce Various Modern Masterpieces

*"TOWARD THE SUN!" A picture by the noted German imaginative painter, Hans Schubert, inspired by the phrase from Nietzsche's "Zarathustra": "Thou mighty star! What would be thy fortune didst thou not possess that which thou illuminest?"*

Above on right—*"THE ARMISTICE": A mural painting by Eugene Savage for the Elks National Memorial Building, Chicago. It was exhibited at the Grand Central Art Gallery, New York, recently. The somewhat chaotic and cynical treatment is characteristic of much modern work*

*"THE COCK-FIGHT": A triumph of decorative realism on exhibition at the great Japanese Show now in progress in Rome—an exhibition recently illustrated in "The Sphere."*

*IN "PETTICOAT INFLUENCE": Sir Nigel Playfair as the Earl of Darnaway, and Miss Jane Millican as his Countess, in the play of diplomatic intrigue at the St. Martin's*

# SHOWS AND AUTRES CHOSES

By HENRY SHEREK

The theatres seem to be making a point nowadays of showing the world that man is not the higher animal, but a very poor species of worm in comparison to the so-called weaker sex. *The Command to Love* at Daly's Theatre shows us that in diplomacy Venus is the most powerful of agents, against which all the other gods and goddesses of the diplomat are powerless.

When I saw the play in New York the countries involved were Spain and France, but their being called comedy names like *Land of Good Hope* and *Nullepart* respectively makes the idea slightly less ridiculous. Also, in America, the part of the lady-killing military attaché was played by Basil Rathbone, a matinée idol, whereas here Ronald Squire, although a most gifted actor, did not suggest the devastating charms the rôle required.

The ball at the Nullepart Embassy with which the play opens is a very grand affair. Everything is going splendidly save for the fact that the gallant Marquis du Saint Lac, whose duties as military attaché seem to consist solely of enchanting beautiful women, is not on the job.

The reason is not far to seek. He is very much occupied in an intrigue with the Ambassador's wife, which appears to be just as it should be, excepting that the lady is very jealous and will not permit him to entrance others—if only by dancing with them. As this part is played by Isobel Elsom, looking divine, I felt that the young man was very lucky.

The clarion call of duty, however, is heard, and he is ordered by the Ambassador to make love to the War Minister's wife, named Manuela, so as to make her influence her husband in favour of a treaty which the Ambassador wished to see ratified. He salutes smartly and marches off to the parade-ground, which, in this case, is his luxuriously-appointed flat.

The Minister's wife, delightfully played by Yvonne Arnaud, arrives, and we are given a very fine demonstration of the art of seduction. I noticed a number of young men in the audience surreptitiously making notes on their cuffs.

The Marquis's technique, as we have been led to expect, is perfect, as, notwithstanding awkward and constant interruptions by his chief, his girl friend and the War Minister himself, it is only too plainly shown that he, as a soldier should, carries out his orders to the letter. This is the big scene of the play and gives much scope to the masters of this type of comedy who play the two chief rôles. Yvonne Arnaud is particularly good.

The last Act shows that the scheme is successful, as Manuela, filled with gratitude, induces her husband to withdraw his opposition to the treaty.

Marie Anne, the Ambassador's wife, smells a rat, and in a fit of jealousy almost ruins the poor Marquis by giving her husband the love-letters the attaché has been foolish enough to write to her. Knowing that to explain his conduct and appeal to her patriotic feelings would be useless, things look pretty black for a moment, but with good diplomatic technique he lies his way out of it and receives an Embassy.

The dialogue is at times witty but nearly always relies on *double entendre*. Broad-minded people who enjoy this sort of thing and like seing fun poked at dignitaries such as Cabinet Ministers and Ambassadors, will probably find it amusing, but I cannot see the play having a wide appeal.

The controlling genii of the Famous Players Guild seem to have a predilection for showing the British public the merrier side of life, because in their second venture, *The Way to Treat a Woman*, by Walter Hackett, at the Duke of York's Theatre, much of the action takes place in a smart night-club complete with cocktail-drinking young women.

The play could be called *The Extraordinary Adventures of Marion Lorne*, as from her first entrance I was more interested in her than all the rest of the cast put together. Not that the other parts were badly played—on the contrary, most of the players were very good, but Miss Lorne was so superb that I felt nothing else could matter. I even forgave the author for the dull and long-winded prologue, where four detectives of different nationalities discussed platitudes, seemingly for hours.

The detectives were assembled in London to guard the representatives of their countries at a Disarmament Conference.

An important British delegate is reported missing, and each detective sets out in his own way to solve the problem.

Into this serious state of affairs wanders, seemingly aimlessly, one Linda Leigh (Marion Lorne). We watched her embarrassed peregrinations from a night-club, via a most realistically presented interior of a taxi, to a house in Belgrave Square, with huge delight. Her attempts to gate-crash the exclusive night-club are models of what a great artiste can make out of very little. The interior of the night-club is perfectly produced, and gives an opportunity to show off a group of attractive young actresses.

We discover, at length, that the British delegate has been shot, and it is left to dear, bewildered Marion Lorne to find the culprit. I am not going to describe the story in detail, as this would spoil the enjoyment of those who will be fortunate enough to have the opportunity of seeing Marion Lorne in, for her, a perfect part. Needless to say, there is a typical Walter Hackett surprise finish.

Aubrey Smith as the knightly English detective, was the embodiment of Savile Row, Lord's, and British fair-play; George Tully was perfect as the American; and Cathleen Nesbitt played a highly dramatic rôle in her usual intense way.

Altogether a most enjoyable and, on occasions, interesting show.

After the subtle intrigues of these two plays, it was amusing to see how the sports sub-committee of a small Surrey village managed their little differences.

R. C. Sherriff, after many delays, at length showed us whether *Journey's End* was only a flash in the pan. After seeing his new play, *Badger's Green*, it is safe to say that he has a future as a playwright, especially as he has a fine sense of the theatre, and writes engaging dialogue.

The story he unfolds is of the mildest, but gives him an opportunity of presenting some most lovable characters. Running right through the play is a deep understanding of England, and the introduction of that most English of institutions, village cricket, made me forget that there ever were such things as night-clubs and amorous military attachés.

Dr. Wetherby, president of the Badger's Green Cricket Club, resents the growing influence of a resident of only twelve years' standing, one Major Forrester, who is the captain of the eleven. During a most amusing committee meeting the secretary, a Mr. Twigg, learns that there is a plan afoot to build bungalows, golf links, steam laundry, etc., in their quiet and undisturbed paradise, by a wicked speculative builder named Mr. Butler. Their own private feuds are forgotten, and they unite to fight this horrible menace to their monopoly of Nature's pure, fresh air.

The builder duly arrives with a very pretty secretary—which seemed just a little compromising—and very easily and without great oratorical power almost gets then on his side. The doctor's son, however, intervenes, and the salient in the front is straightened out again and war *à l'outrance* is again declared.

Then comes the terrible tragedy. On the very morning of the annual cricket match against a redoubtable neighbouring village the only slow left-handed bowler in the village, Mr. Twigg, cuts his finger, and there is much weeping and gnashing of teeth. A bright idea! The wicked Mr. Butler cannot be such an outsider, as he confessed in the local public-house on the previous evening that he played cricket.

A deep and subtle plan occurs to the doctor. He knows Butler has to catch a six-o'clock train to return to London to settle finally the arrangements for the conversion of his beautiful countryside, so why not ask him to play for the village and pray that the excitement of the game would make him miss his train. That he could proceed to London by the car which was to take him to the nearest railway station did not seem to occur to anyone—not even to the author.

The trap is laid, and Butler walks into it.

The third Act presented the cricket marquee on the day of the match. After an entirely unnecessary first scene, the curtain rises on the critical moment in the match, and, of course, Butler as last man in has to miss his train. He thereupon sees the error of his ways, and decides to give up the idea of colonising Badger's Green.

The casting and production were very fine indeed. Horace Hodges gave one of his perfect characterizations as the doctor, and all the others not only played their parts well but also looked them.

Sebastian Smith returned to his first love, the "legit," after a long absence worshipping false musical-comedy gods, and was quite splendid as Mr. Twigg. He was well served by the author in being the centre of each curtain excepting the final one.

I was surprised at Mr. Sherriff doing this, as in *Journey's End* nearly every curtain was most effective and different from the last. This was a substantial reason for the play's success, but I grew a bit tired of seeing Sebastian Smithon the stage at the fall of each curtain, however appealing and sympathy-provoking he made Mr. Twigg.

*THE TOAST: Mr. Ronald Squire and Miss Isobel Elsom in "The Command to Love," the new Continental farcical comedy at Daly's*

*THE PITOEFFS OF PARIS: The expatriate Russian family which has won fame in Paris. Mme Pitoeff is seen above with her seven children*

*THE DAUPHIN AND THE MAID: M Georges Pitoeff and Mlle Ludmilla Pitoeff in a moment from their original treatment of Bernard Shaw's greatest play*

*Pictures by ABBÉ*

*IN THE RÔLE OF ST. JOAN: Ludmila Pitoeff, whose performance drew tears of emotion and admiration from Miss Sybil Thorndike, whose interpretation of the Shavian masterpiece won her world-wide fame*

# THE PITOEFFS OF PARIS

## The Remarkable Russian Family who are Engaged in Dramatic Art and Charitable Acts, and are now figuring in the special Season at the Globe Theatre

Georges Pitoeff is a Russian of Armenian extraction. He is probably the most original player and producer in the world. From Shakespeare to Shaw he has a new interpretation, a new angle of approach, an illuminating and stimulating rendition with which to endow all the plays he presents. Those that are to be seen in London at the International Season C. B. Cochran and Maurice Browne are presenting at the Globe are *St. Joan*, *The Lady of the Camellias*, and *The Living Corpse*. The last-named production should be additionally interesting as Moissy's interpretation was seen of the Tolstoi classic but a few weeks ago. Ludmilla Pitoeff, a Russian with a plastic genius that fulfils her husband's theories to perfection, was so successful in the greatest Shavian play that Miss Thorndike, herself a superb St. Joan, burst into tears at the beauty of her performance. The supporting company is composed of exceedingly fine artists

On right—*HAMLET AND OPHELIA: Georges Pitoeff in his customary suit of solemn black, and Ludmilla Pitoeff in the flowing draperies of Polonius's daughter*

# Secrets of a Sultan Revealed.

BY SULTANIC APPOINTMENT: An entertainer in the palace of the Sultan of Morocco. They are bedecked with a fortune in jewels. The Rubensian figure shown above is wearing huge ear-rings of beaten gold, while around her neck is suspended an emerald the size of a hen's egg

A MADONNA OF THE HAREM: One of the Sultan's ladies whose long, oval face recalls Europe rather than the East

A BEAUTY OF NORTH AFRICA: A dark-skinned type in the household of the Sultan of Morocco

## THE ENTERTAINERS OF THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO

**A unique series of pictures taken in the harem**

"TO SOUND OF HORN AND VIOLIN": The feminine troupe that, in the male quarter, provide song and dance. European guests can be entertained only in the male quarters for, of course, the harem is sacrosanct. Being slaves, these entertainers do not wear the "yashmak"

A FIGURE OF THE GORGEOUS EAST: An opulently-dressed entertainer in the Sultan of Morocco's palace. Such a costume recalls Milton's majestic line, "Shower on her kings barbaric pearl and gold"

*The pictures were obtained by an enterprising correspondent who disguised himself as a woman in order to facilitate the taking of these pictures within the interior of the Sultan's harem*

# THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

## PARIS CALLING

### A Caustic Causerie from the Gay City

By H. PEARL ADAM

RUE TAITBOUT

FOUNTAINS OF MONEY AND WATER.—Now that Whitsuntide is over we feel really installed in the heart of the year, with great masses of time before us in which to do gay things and wear pretty ones. If the weather . . . . etcetera. We know all *that* conversation by heart. At any rate we are going to have our Grande Semaine and enjoy it even if it snows ink. (A smart little black and white get-up is in every wardrobe this summer, so that particular weather would be rather chic.) And it is going to be some week, since a special effort is being made to broadcast its attractions in advance wherever the news might be expected to catch the attention of possible visitors. It is a bad season everywhere, as most people have noticed, both for working and for playing; but Paris feels personally hurt because she has not as many visitors as usual; like a pretty woman whose admirers have left off giving her orchids she looks in the glass and says, "But I am very very beautiful, I *am!*" without reflecting that perhaps the admirers may be seeing something rather withered and stale about their bank-balances.

In the endeavour to keep things up to a proper pitch even the fountains are to be included. A new system of motor-pumping is to be tried which promises to keep them going every day at a comparatively small outlay. They certainly increase the physical loveliness of Paris; but the main beneficiary, in the event of success, would certainly be Versailles, where the whole landscape of the gardens was laid out by Le Nôtre on a scheme of fountains—jets of diamonds, streams of pearl, threads of silver. But it cost something like £1,600 a day to keep them in action. They are only turned on now when there is a fête or on certain Sundays. I shall never forget the little rustle they made as they slowly rose into the air after four years when the last signature had been affixed to the Peace Treaty in 1919, and how one heard that rustle even through the thunder of the saluting guns.

AT THE SALON: The sculpture-room in the Grand Palais of the Champs Élysées

"QUARTIER LATIN": The vie de Bohème of the artists still goes on—if only one can find it

TOO DANGEROUS TO PLOUGH.—Talking of peace, and therefore by implication of war, here's a curious little post-war problem. Not so little either for the neighbours! The forest of Argonne always had wild boars and wolves in it, and a few adders and such-like. Then it caught a couple of armies instead. The armies went away in undue course, and the previous inhabitants came out of thickets and made it a good animal forest again. But there's a housing problem even there—there's a whole new population of dogs and cats as wild as they make 'em—the descendants of the hearth-side friends who had to be abandoned when the hearths were destroyed. They are very numerous and savage, and most interesting if you happen to be a naturalist *and* dressed in leather!

The friend who told me this was fresh from the district, where it had startled her; she added that in the Verdun neighbourhood it is extraordinary to see how many places are still marked, "Land Too Dangerous to Plough."

BIG BAGS AND LITTLE CARS.—The cars of to-day are of so many sizes that they are really like Chinese nests of boxes; one could go inside the other up to an enormous number. I fell over one that stood in the gutter and was just wondering what had stubbed itself on my toe when no less than four voices and four faces came out of it at me, somewhere below my knee, imploring me to be careful. Women are carrying enormous bags, nearly a foot square, but then the bags have three dresses and four shades of rouge in them, besides a folded-up umbrella made of futurist silk and some synthetized whale and finished with milk compressed into the likeness of a fire-opal. What a surprise for the mother-cow if she ever met with it! She won't. People who carry that kind of gadget don't go into any field real enough to have a cow in it. They go to the Overdraft Hotel at Deauville.

SUN AND SUNBURNS.—Real sunburn is out of fashion, even when it is the very best kind, out of alabaster boxes. You have to be really unbecoming with sunburn this year, or else unsunburnable. Naturally, you choose the Señora-Inez stunt. But Señorita Soandso is very tired of seeing the Pink-and-White Brigade imitate her complexion. She has initiated the Jellyfish Sting, a nasty pink blotch on the ankle. It shows that you have really bathed, it entitles you to a most attractive limp, and it carries all eyes to the ankle.

You do know, don't you, about your hair? If you can't have it really nicely blanched, with no pepper-and-salt nonsense about it, have it red—a little, much, passionately, but never not at all. At dinner last night my French neighbour said, in his painstaking English: "Every woman now she is dyed most deep in Gehenna."

## We're NOT interested in MEN!

Booms come and booms go, but one shows signs of going on for ever. It is the boom in women, which started, roughly, immediately after the war, yet to-day does not display the least sign of any slump. For some extraordinary reason, during the last twelve years it has been assumed that the world is not the least interested in men but only in women. At first there did seem some sort of logical reason for this assumption. When in the early post-war days women started to do all sorts of things they had never done before, then there was some reason for their being regarded as "news." But to-day, although women are doing very little that they had not already started ten years ago, the interest has not abated.

Why a boom in women should have arisen at this particular moment is almost impossible to understand. Never, at least in modern times, has there been such a preponderance of women over men. The women's point of view is said to be all-important, and the success of almost every concern depends upon its appeal to women. In spite of her many other occupations, one of the modern woman's chief interests is still men. Yet for some extraordinary reason she is never expected to want to hear anything about men but to be entirely occupied with the activities of her own sex. A veritable Adonis must always make way for the most ordinary of women provided they both have equal claims to fame.

That familiar motto of the nursery, "Ladies First" has run completely riot nowadays. When Dr. Johnson made his famous observation that it was not remarkable that a certain lady wrote well but that she wrote at all, the scarcity of women writers may have justified his remark, although with his contemporaries Mrs. Aphra Ben, the novelist and poet; Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; Mrs. Pilkington of the amusing memoirs; Mrs. Barber, the strong-minded Irish poetess; Mrs. Sykins, who sent Dean Swift a poem with a piece of sturgeon on his birthday; and the extremely-learned Mrs. Grierson, it hardly seemed justified. But to-day, with our millions of women novelists, there can be nothing the least out of the ordinary in a writing woman. Yet a friend who does publicity for publishers tells me that it is twice as easy to get something about a new woman writer into the papers as it is with a man.

Anyone who has anything to do with the organization of public functions will tell you of the all-importance of women. If you suggest that perhaps people are getting tired of "Ladies only," and that really it would be interesting to hear what men were doing for a change, they will look shocked and declare that you don't understand at all what the public wants. But I wonder. Most men of my acquaintance have become sick and tired long ago of this endless women in the news business, while even the women themselves have become a little satiated with their own sex. If we were to take an interest in men for a change they would at least have the advantage of novelty.

Some people may believe that the present boom in women is merely a normal course of events. If in the past women had done as remarkable things as they are doing to-day, then the same interest would have been aroused, they argue. Yet, in limited numbers, women did take up unusual professions even in Victorian times. Yet no one heard anything about them.

Take one small village in West Sussex, for instance, where I have a cottage. Recently I happened to be talking to my landlord, and he mentioned that the last occupant of my place, when it was still a malt-house, was a Miss Sims, a lady maltster. He remembered as a boy being taken there by his uncle and seeing her moving the heavy sacks of grain about in the most efficient manner.

"But wasn't it very unusual for a woman to be doing work of that sort in those days?" I asked.

"No one thought much of it," the old man answered. "Why, there was a lady timber merchant in the village, too. But no one thought very much of it. One or two of the farms were run by women who had no brothers to take them over, or whose husbands had died. Why there was one who had the finest flock of South Downs for miles. I remember them when we used to drive our own sheep across the downs to the fair on the downs above Arundel. Everyone knew Mrs. Carter's South Downs for miles, they were that fine."

But to-day it would be Mrs. Carter who would be famous, not because she had good sheep, but because she kept sheep at all.

Perhaps the next time some woman is discovered masquerading as a man, or vice versa, instead of putting down the whole thing to some deep psychological reason it will be explained that Miss X always dressed as a man because she had a hatred of publicity, while Mr. Z wore female attire because as a man he never got any free advertisement.

S. V.

# The WORLD of WOMEN — (continued)

ONE of the most encouraging features of modern life is the desire for health and physical fitness. Not since Roman and Grecian times have people taken such an interest in sports of all kinds. Tennis, golf, skating, swimming, and even walking all have their innumerable devotees, so it is quite natural that the modern house should pay especial attention to this business of keeping fit.

Many of the new modern houses that are being built on the Continent and various parts of England are fitted with small private gymnasiums,

FOR HEALTH AND FITNESS: A small open-air gymnasium on the roof of a modern house designed by Andre Lurcat

where one can indulge in all kinds of physical exercises and rigidly carry out reducing courses if you happen to be one of the unlucky people whose lives are one long dread of getting too fat!

This desire for health and fitness has undoubtedly brought about a great improvement in the way houses and flats are built nowadays, for much more attention is paid to the fact whether the rooms get enough fresh air and sunshine or not. A welcome change from the stuffy and unhealthy atmosphere of the Victorian room! An excellent example of the small modern house, built with a view to being as healthy as possible, is afforded by one of the new houses built by André Lurcat, the young French architect, in one of the charming wooded suburbs of Paris.

As in most modern houses, this house is built of reinforced concrete and has a flat roof. Part of this roof has been converted into a roof garden, and the other part into a miniature gymnasium. This small open-air gymnasium is one of the most striking features of the house. It is surrounded by fairly high walls which have been whitewashed, but is left open to the sky; in this way one is protected from cold winds such as we frequently get in this northern climate!

The gymnasium itself is simply furnished with a set of parallel bars, a punch-ball, dumb-bells, and the concrete floor is covered with soft cocoa-matting so that it can be used for breathing and various Swedish-drill exercises. In one corner of the gymnasium there is a small shower bath. In fact the whole equipment is very simple, and is one most people could afford to fit up in their homes if they wished to do so.

Modern architects believe, quite rightly, that we should get as much fresh air as possible, and the roof-garden of this house, which has been charmingly arranged with small flower-boxes, made of concrete, filled with flowers and shrubs, has one corner fitted as a small loggia, covered in the fine weather with an awning of gaily striped canvas.

## HEALTH and the Modern House

BY DEREK PATMORE

### The Modern Architect Devises the Roof Garden

A ROOF GARDEN AND TERRACE: Built on top of a modern house of reinforced concrete, by Andre Lurcat. One corner has been converted into a miniature loggia, protected by an awning, and used for open-air meals

AN ATTRACTIVE GARDEN, made beautiful with small shrubs and flowers, and adequately sheltered from cold winds

And all through most of the year this roof garden with its protected loggia is used as an open-air dining-room for meals. What could be more healthy and pleasant! For some reason most of us always enjoy meals out of doors far more than those we have in our more prosaic dining-rooms, and undoubtedly the fresh air, even in the cities, does give us a very keen appetite.

The remainder of this house by Lurcat has been equally well-thought out, for all the bedrooms have great wide windows, and are particularly light and well-aired, and the rooms on the ground floor —the house is only two storeys high —all have large French windows opening out on to another paved concrete terrace. And this terrace, like the roof-garden, has concrete boxes filled with flowers, and in several corners of the terrace have been placed tubs painted bright colours and filled with flowering shrubs.

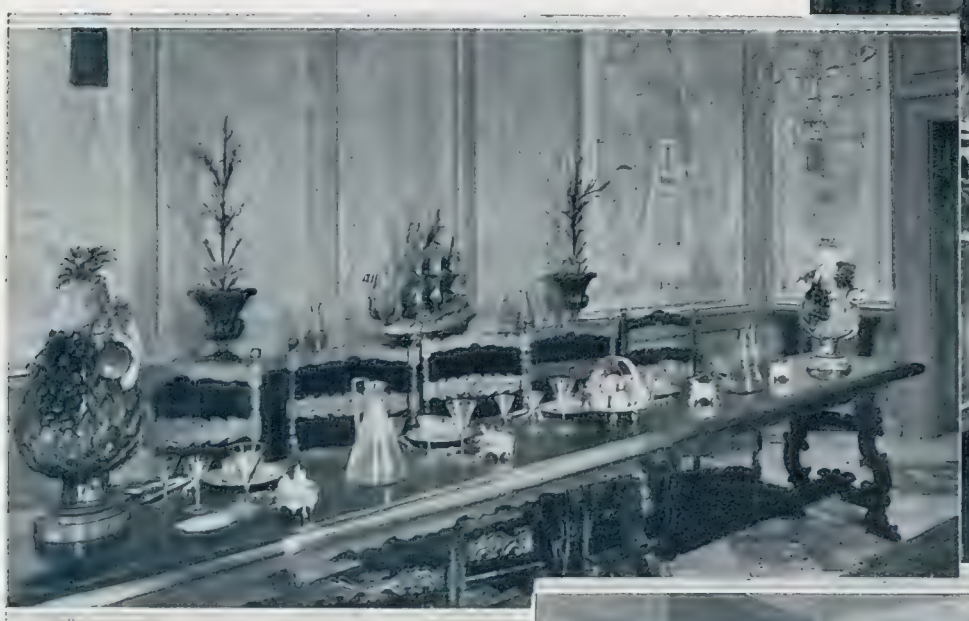
Full of light and sunshine, the modern house is indeed an abode which should make us all extremely healthy and fit.

The WORLD of WOMEN — (continued)

# Some Famous DINING-TABLES

A Survey of Society's Attractive Boards

By JOAN WOOLLCOMBE



A MODERNIST ROOM: The dining-table of the Marchesa Malacrida in her Grosvenor Street house, which was decorated by her husband. The Marchese is "Olivetti" and is responsible for many lovely modern interiors

WHERE LADY LONDONDERRY IS HOSTESS: Politically as well as socially one of the most famous dining-rooms in London, the Banqueting Hall in Londonderry House

*On right*

A HOUSE OF HISTORICAL INTEREST: Lady (Nigel) Playfair's river house at Chiswick is interesting, for its associations date back to Catherine of Braganza; the famous dining-table continues to offer hospitality to some of the most vivid stage and literary personalities of the day

*On right*

IN MRS. GEORGE PINCKARD'S CHESTERFIELD STREET HOUSE: The panelled walls of the dining-room had about one hundred coats of paint, now they have been stripped to show this lovely oak

*Pictures by MILLAR and HARRIS*

A CHARMING GLIMPSE OF LADY DUFF COOPER'S DINING-ROOM is seen from the decorative doorway of her Gower Street house

# The WORLD of WOMEN
## (continued)

(Left)

An imitation crocodile case affords excellent accommodation for shoes, which are always something of a problem — and the kit bag, with a suit case attachment beneath, is a practical idea for a man. Both are from Finnigan's of Bond Street

# SOME TRAVEL AIDS

A toilet pack for a man in a pigskin case, and above, a case for two brushes with zip fastener and a shaving set, also contained in a pigskin case, and a travelling rug. All come from Austin Reed of Regent Street

To the left is a practical travelling pocket case, and right, a new wardrobe trunk that will fit on the running board of one's car and yet is large enough to accommodate a sensible amount of clothing without fear of creases. From Debenham and Freebody, Welbeck Street

*Pictures by MILLAR and HARRIS*

# The FIRST TEST MATCH

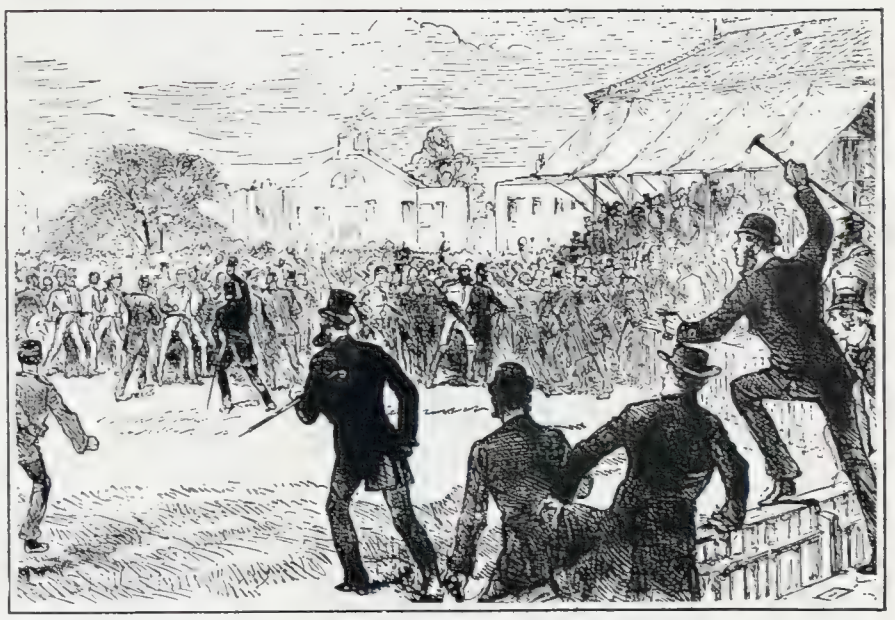
260.—THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, SEPT. 18, 1880.—261

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS AT KENNINGTON OVAL.

*By permission of "The Illustrated London News"*

OVER a century before the first Test Match was played, Guinness was already a favourite beverage. To-day one could put the Oval half a dozen times into the Guinness Brewery, so vast is this, the largest Brewery in the world.

Guinness is a light, refreshing and sustaining beverage especially suitable for Summer weather. In fact the sales of Guinness in Summer are even larger than in Winter.



# GUINNESS

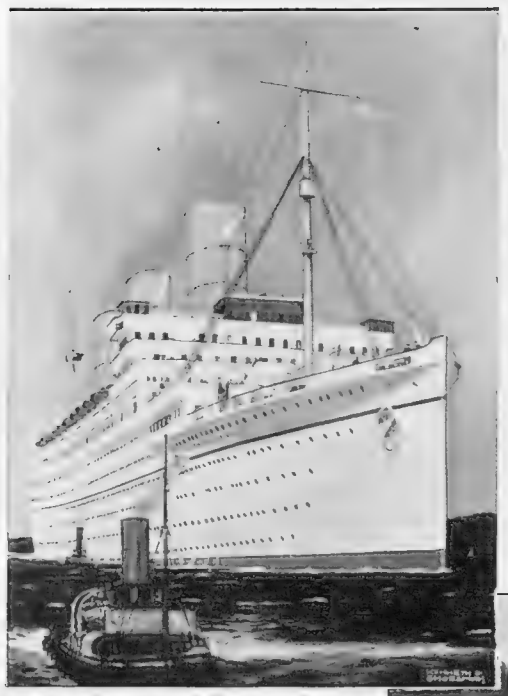
## IS GOOD FOR YOU IN SUMMER

G.E 97.B

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

# Holiday Cruises in Beautiful Seas

**A Review of Oceanic Holidays: A Choice to Suit All Tastes**



FORGING ANOTHER EMPIRE LINK: The 42,500-tons luxury liner, "Empress of Britain," recently launched at Glasgow by the Prince of Wales, has been built for the Canadian Pacific Railway and is intended for the Quebec–Southampton service

When the sun shines high in the blue sky during the long summer days and the coast towns sing like Ariel, bidding the holiday-maker to "Come unto these yellow sands," the thoughts of those who love to adventure farther animate them with the desire to take ship which "walks the waters like a thing of life," and sail over the dark blue sea "far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam," to survey not merely our Empire but the fair cities of that greater empire still—the world.

North, South, East, West—no matter which way inclination sways, the famous steamship lines stand ready to take the seafarer to the haven of his desire, and even to offer suggestion after suggestion until he is able finally, to select some tour or a definite, distant, delectable spot where he may enjoy his leisure and at the same time refresh his wearied body and revivify his drooping spirit to meet the strain and stress of the dark days which are replete with toil.

Without any suggestion of completeness, THE SPHERE directs attention to the attractions offered by the Canadian Pacific Railway, Messrs. Elders and Fyffes, the Orient Line, the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, and the White Star Line.

### *THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.*

The familiar Latin tag, *per mare, per terras*—by sea and land—might well be the slogan of the C.P.R., as this great company is familiarly and abbreviatedly called, for its tours extend from England across the ocean to the eastern shores of Canada, and thence over 3,000 miles of land to the shores of the Pacific. Some idea of its magnificence may be gauged by reference to the *Empress of Britain*, the newest vessel of its fleet, with a displacement of 42,500 tons, which was launched by H.R.H. at Glasgow a few days ago. Constructed at a cost of £3,000,000, this steamer will make the trip between Southampton and Quebec in five days, and will thus be the largest and fastest vessel to ply between any two ports of the Empire. It has often been said that just as the nineteenth was the century which saw the magnificent development of the United States, so the twentieth will mark a no less signal progress in Canada. The possibilities of seeing that progress in the making are offered by the tours of the C.P.R., which possesses more than 20,000 miles of railway lines serving all the important cities, industrial sections, agricultural regions, and holiday resorts, opening up new districts in that magnificent land whose patriotism is such that it will loyally endorse the phase of being For Ever Britain.

### *MESSRS. ELDERS AND FYFFES*

At first sight it may appear strange that so enterprising a firm as Messrs. Elders and Fyffes, Ltd., should inaugurate a series of summer cruises to Jamaica, seeing that it is regarded as one of the world's ideal winter resorts. As a matter of fact the temperature there often compares favourably with that of England, while, as there is little difference in the heat between winter and summer, the scenery offers the same exquisite beauty as it does when our northern land is shivering with cold. Moreover, at this time of the year the ocean is at its best, and the four weeks spent on the two voyages partake of the nature of a pleasure cruise under ideal conditions. The fare for the round trip of over 8,000 miles and a week's stay in the island devoted to a motor tour, with accommodation in hotels, costs £60—a sum which compares favourably with that spent on a continental holiday of the same length. For a corresponding relatively moderate sum the tour can be extended to include the other West Indian Islands and even to extend to the United States, through the firm's association with its ally, the United Fruit Company, or to Canada. Not less interesting is another tour for £50 to South America planned by this company.

IN THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN: Geiranger Fiord and the "Seven Sisters" up near the North Cape, Norway

### *THE ORIENT LINE (NORWAY AND THE BALTIC)*

In spite of its name, which suggests the "Gorgeous East whose richest hand Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold," to quote Milton's magnificent phrase, the Orient Line is largely confining its activities to the Baltic capitals and Norwegian fiords, which are so eminently attractive at this season.

With an experience dating back to 1889, the company has, naturally, a clear knowledge of what cruising passengers like, and it provides abundantly for those likes. On this year's cruises it is employing three of its latest constructed 20,000 - ton steamers. It offers the last word in comfort and, in addition to large deck spaces for exercise and rest, has an open-air swimming bath, thus enabling its passengers to bathe in the sun, a privilege which has developed almost into a rite with numbers of people. Of these ships it may well be said that they offer that inestimable quality of a home that, once set, there is no further trouble with one's possessions. In moving from one place to another there is no question of transport of luggage, no Customs examinations to submit to, no trains to catch or connections to miss, and no hotels in which the accommodation is not what one desires.

### *THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY*

Between to-day, June 21, when she leaves Immingham, and September 4, when she returns to Southampton preparatory to turning her bow south to cruise in the Mediterranean, the R.M.S.P. Co.'s favourite steamer, *Atlantis*, will make four voyages of from two to three weeks each to the Northern Fiords, thus enabling the holiday-maker to visit some of the old cities whose historic and picturesque interest is unrivalled in Europe. Not only is the scenery magnificent but the green panorama of the land is exquisite in the wonderful variety of its tints which surprise the happy traveller who sees them for the first time.

While two of the tours, starting on July 6 and 26, are planned, weather permitting, to enable the tourist to enjoy the thrill of the midnight sun, the latter, subject to the weather and ice conditions, includes in its itinerary visits to Spitzbergen and to Iceland. The former, with its precipitous, impressive coast harbouring myriads of seabirds, is washed by a sea in which whales may be seen. The latter is strangely misnamed, for in the summer-time its temperature often exceeds 80 deg., while from the picturesque point of view some of its towns cannot fail to delight the eye.

### *THE WHITE STAR LINE*

An interesting variety of cruises is offered by this famous line. Notable among them is one of eighteen days at a cost of £25 in the *Adriatic*, the largest cabin-class steamer in the world. Starting from Liverpool on August 1, its itinerary includes Malaga, Casablanca, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, and Madeira. The following day the *Calgaric* leaves Southampton for a fortnight's cruise in the Norwegian fiords at a cost of £21. In these quiet waters, to whose shores the high-topped mountains descend, the long days which link hands with the midnight reveal picturesque villages perched here and there among the rocks. On August 20 the *Calgaric* starts on another fortnight's cruise at the same fare to the northern capitals and Baltic ports, during which six different countries will be visited, an educational advantage which every bright young person will duly appreciate. On her return voyage the *Calgaric* will pass through the famous Kiel Canal, in which a large part of the German Navy was shut up during the Great War.

SUMMER-TIME TOBOGGANING: One of the sports at Funchal, Madeira. An ever-increasingly popular resort is the Slide


YOUR FARE TO ANYWHERE

*In constantly increasing numbers readers of "The Sphere" are availing themselves of the free service offered by "The Sphere" Travel Bureau.*

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**"THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau,**
*Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2*

# BUCHANAN'S

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FOR
AGE AND QUALITY

"BUCHANAN'S LIQUEUR"

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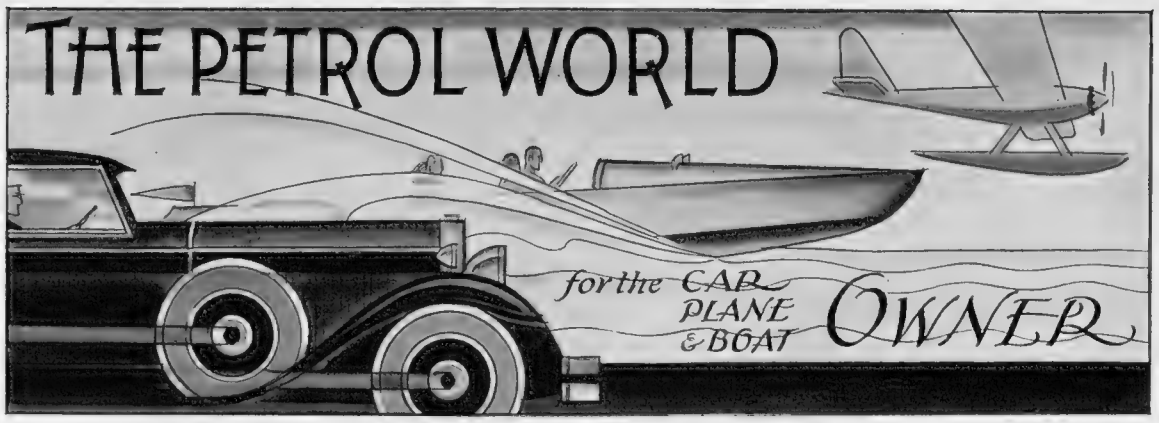



**Conducted by A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.**

*(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")*

***NEEDLESS CONGESTION.***—From the very limited amount of observation that I was able to make on the night of Whit Monday my remarks in a recent issue of THE SPHERE about Whitsuntide being the most popular motoring holiday of the year seem to have been confirmed. It was my lot to drive along the London–Worthing road in the neighbourhood of Leatherhead, and I can honestly say that never before have I seen such thick traffic on this important road. My particular journey took me from Hook to Dorking, and some of the congestion that I passed, which of course I could only do because I was going, as it were, against the stream, seemed to me to be quite unnecessary. For some reason or other the very important cross-roads in the middle of Leatherhead were left to look after themselves, no policeman, no R.A.C. guide, nor A.A. scout to be seen. Up to that point traffic was going towards London at quite a nice fast speed, and there was no congestion whatever, but from Leatherhead cross-roads almost to Burford Bridge Hotel there was a complete blockage. This waste of time was quite unnecessary because had the crossing at Leatherhead been skilfully managed traffic could have got through the town without any great number of hold-ups, but naturally when a large number of vehicles are endeavouring to cut across another stream of traffic unaided, chaos soon reigns.

Whilst dealing with this question of traffic control at cross-roads it seems that the police do not always size up the position in a scientific manner. The amount of traffic coming from Dorking to London is, I should say, about ten times more than the traffic cutting across it in Leatherhead from Guildford to Epsom. Therefore the period of the holding-up of the two streams of traffic should be in the proportion of ten to one. I do not know what time intervals are allowed when this important crossing is controlled, but I do know that in London the police very often continue to hold up hundreds of vehicles until one cyclist a few hundred yards down the cross-road gets safely across. Surely it seems unlikely that the time of this one cyclist is as valuable as that of the hundreds of people held up for his convenience. Again in London the waits at controlled points are far too long and tend to put everyone concerned into a bad humour. In Paris one may be held up more often, but the waits are not nearly so tedious.

**Ancient and Modern:** A Rover Meteor Sportsman's saloon at the Kingsgate Castle Hotel, Thanet. The car is the property of Mr. R. F. Pearce, managing director of North Foreland Hotels, Ltd.

***MODERN ROADS FOR MODERN TRANSPORT.***—Coming back again to the Worthing road, surely it is time that widening or the building of by-passes was commenced. Apparently there are so many interests to be consulted, and so many local people make complaints that the amenities of the countryside are going to be spoilt, that years pass by before work can really be commenced. Where matters of national importance such as the making of by-passes have to be embarked upon, the plaintive cry of the local bee-keeper, who thinks that his hives will be disturbed by the noise coming from the proposed by-pass, should not be listened to by those in authority. I do not know of a more awkward road than the London–Worthing road in the country, yet I do not think any money worth talking about has been spent on widening or by-passing its worst portions. The conditions reigning in Leatherhead during any week-end are a disgrace to any civilized nation that is not completely bankrupt, yet there is no sign of anything moving to remedy the sad state of affairs, and all that a local inhabitant can learn is that Mr. "So-and-so" has objected to one scheme and Mr. "Someone-else" considers the alternative equally bad.

The present Government, who seem to have a practical idea of what is required in the shape of modern roads for modern transport, should carefully consider whether something cannot be done to stop our new arterial roads developing into suburban ribbon towns. Take as an example the Kingston by-pass. This road, particularly at Tolworth, is rapidly turning itself into a street, with houses and shops on each side. To make matters worse, new cross-roads are being cut so that more villas may be built than can be accommodated on the road itself.

*(Continued on following page)*

*Fine Diamonds*

BY APPOINTMENT

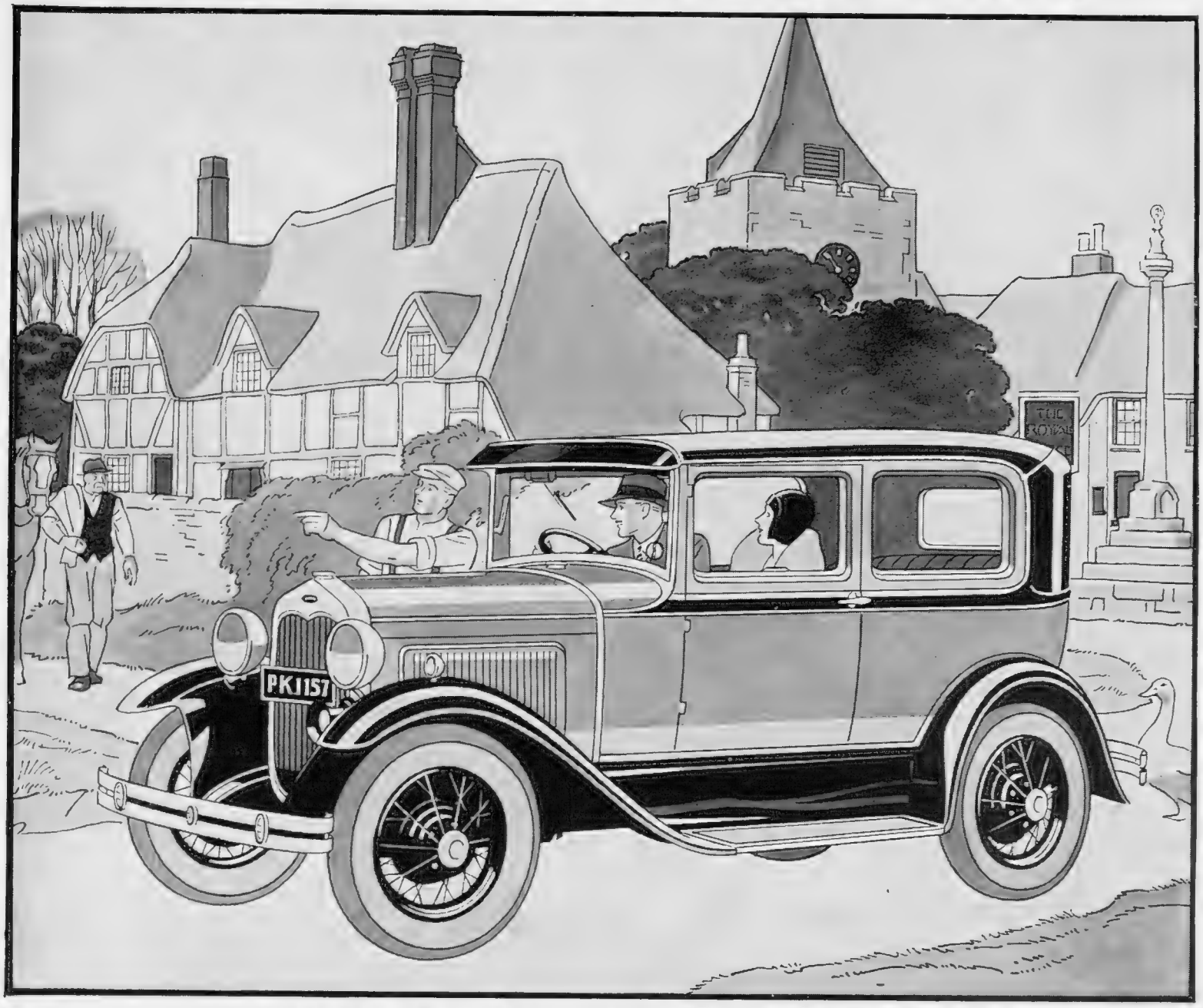
MAPPIN & WEBB LD

*London*

2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.4. 156-162, OXFORD ST., W.1. 172, REGENT ST., W.1.

PARIS. ROME. MONTREAL. BUENOS AIRES. RIO DE JANEIRO ETC.

# Fresh beauty . . . new comfort unusual measures for safety




THE NEW FORD TUDOR SALOON £195, AT WORKS MANCHESTER.

Fresh streamline distinction has been added to the New Ford cars. These new cars have been given even more riding comfort than before.

But in addition to new stainless steel, new colours and stripings, new low streamlines and beauty throughout, do not forget the unusual safety that the New Ford car affords to driver and passengers.

There is safety in the unusually sturdy Ford axles.

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The Ford thief-proof ignition lock illustrates the attention to safety detail. It is connected to the ignition system by an armoured steel cable, hard and strong enough to resist file and hacksaw.

Ownership of the New Ford is growing rapidly. It affords beauty, comfort, unusual safety. Ford Motor Company Limited, London & Manchester.

LINCOLN Ford Fordson

***OBSTRUCTION.***—The presence of bricks and mortar on each side of the road does not in itself present any danger, but unfortunately these houses sell rapidly, and their occupants in the ordinary course of events will increase. In addition the establishment of a household entails visits by friends who come in cars, calls by tradesmen to deliver and collect goods, and when these stand outside, the space available for through traffic is curtailed. Many people consider the Kingston by-pass one of the most dangerous roads in the country. On that point I do not desire to express an opinion, but I do tremble to think what is going to happen when these houses extend from Putney Vale to Esher. Wise motorists will find the conditions have then become so absurd that they will go back to the old road through Kingston, with the result that all the money spent on the by-pass will have been wasted, the only people benefiting being the owners of the land on which the houses were built. The late Government showed an astonishing lack of foresight in not seeing what was going to happen, but even now our present authorities can prevent bad turning into worse, and so it is to be hoped that all the money expended will not be wasted.

***AN OBSTACLE TO WOULD-BE FLYERS.***—Since I took my initial flight in an aeroplane not so many weeks ago, I have naturally become more than usually interested in the air. I find amongst my motoring friends that I am not in any way peculiar in this respect, in fact three or four people whom I know very well and who are intimately connected with motoring are now seriously considering the immediate possibility of learning to fly. From what I can see, piloting an aeroplane does not require any greater skill than driving a motor-car, in fact I would say that when conditions up aloft are normal, there is far less to do than sitting behind the wheel of a car on a nice straight road. The price of an aeroplane is not unreasonably high, in fact with the service it gives I would say that the outlay is moderate. Garage rents and the petrol and oil bills are all well within the pocket of the average motorist, but like many other things there is a snag which is apt to be overlooked until costs are scrutinized closely. It is the insurance premium which keeps hundreds of would-be fliers on the ground. I am not suggesting that the premium of a figure in excess of £100 on a machine which costs £600 is excessive from the underwriter's point of view, and probably as things stand at present he does not grow very fat on the proceeds, but surely the whole essence of insurance consists of a very large number of people all contributing to the pool, so that when necessity arises the pool is fat enough and strong enough to stand people putting their fingers in and taking some out. The pool must be a certain size, and it is only to be brought about by a large number of people putting in small sums or small number of people putting in large sums. At the moment the latter holds good, and one is prompted to suggest that the underwriters might, with advantage to themselves, and certainly to the benefit of aviation, reduce the premiums in the hope of swelling the pool in a greater proportion to the increase in the number of risks.

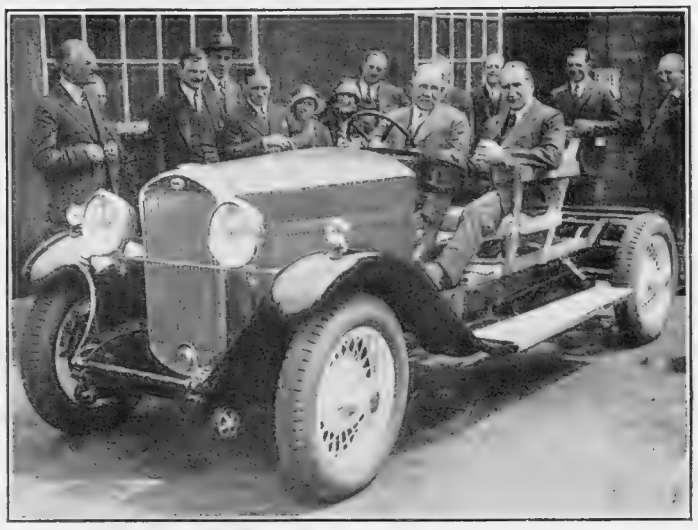
If statistics make my suggestion quite impractical and the Government still desire to encourage aviation, then we shall have to have a Government Insurance Department so as to make flying attractive financially to the man of moderate means. It is this difficulty of insurance that is clogging the wheels of aviation progress in this country. The aeroplanes are wonderfully reliable, the system of inspection, the flying schools, and everything else connected with aviation is above criticism. If this one impediment could be removed then our roads would be less crowded and our sky more extensively used.

**But the Eccles will carry them all!** A group of merry caravanners indulging in a little exercise. The two caravans on the left are Eccles de Luxe models, supplied by the London Caravan Co. of Dering St., W.

# The PETROL WORLD

## By A. PERCY BRADLEY

*(Continued from preceding page)*



**Imperial Approbation:** The Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas and the Hon. Stanley Bruce, late Prime Minister of Australia, testing a Humber Snipe chassis at the Humber factory

***FOR THE SAFETY OF ALL.***—On Whit Monday spectators at Brooklands had the thrill of seeing Mr. Kaye Don add two miles per hour on the recently created lap record of Captain H. R. S. Birkin. The lay Press once again in their craving for sensation devoted much space to the action of the stewards in excluding a competitor from certain races in which he was due to run. It has been assumed that this action has been prompted solely by a desire to tighten up the regulations on account of the recent regrettable fatal accident. I am not disputing that there is a desire to do everything possible to reduce the risk of accidents occurring, but in the search for sensation the facts should not be forgotten, and it is therefore well to point out that on other occasions such action has been taken. Last year, whilst acting as a steward at Brooklands myself, I well remember concurring with my fellow stewards in excluding a driver from running before the meeting actually started. This is an instance to show that the authorities at Brooklands have always been keenly alive to their duties in endeavouring to make motor-racing as safe as possible.

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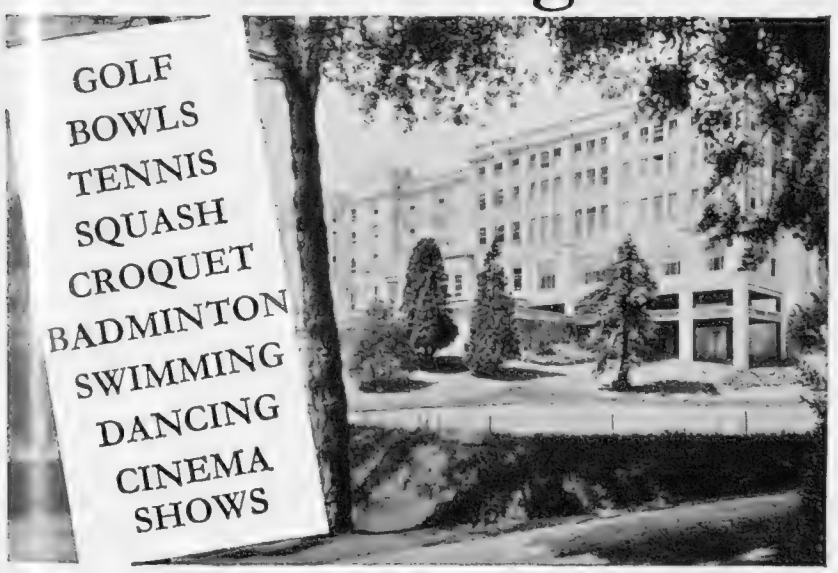


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*MADONNA AND CHILD: An example of the art of J. P. Allan*

# The FESTIVAL of ENGLISH CHURCH-ART

*A Fascinating Exhibition Held, with Dramatic Embellishments, in Caxton Hall, Westminster*

This Festival has been organized under the auspices of the Church Crafts League, a society which can claim for its foundation patrons John Ruskin and G. F. Watts. For many years it has laboured, not without success, to bring back to our Church something of the beauty which belongs to art. The festival has largely been brought into being by the personal enthusiasm of its chairman, the Rev. Jocelyn Perkins.

The starting of this movement was felt to be absolutely imperative owing to the rapid headway made by the spirit of commercialism. The individual artist worker at the end of the nineteenth century was in no small danger of extinction. The furnishing of English churches was rapidly passing into the hands of organized factories, where such considerations as beauty and individuality were pushed far away into the background by the desire to secure extensive profits. The idea of personal service to the highest spiritual ideals, which underlies all the exquisite works of art inherited from the Middle Ages, was obviously doomed in these materialistic surroundings to utter destruction.

Three of the programmes to be presented next week include *Stray Sheep*, a Gipsy Mystical play; *The Gate of Vision*, a Morality; and *Outcasts*, a Nativity, all on June 23; on June 26, *The Story of Tobit* and *The Sponge of Vinegar;* and on Saturday Tennyson's *Becket*—a favourite vehicle of the late Sir Henry Irving.

To any student of modern illumination the Exhibition is specially worth a visit for the examples of fine illumination and lettering by Graily Hewett and I. O. Henstock. Some of the work exhibited has a very perfect sense of decorative values. Mr. D. C. Lewthwaite contributes four cleverly designed circular enamelled plaques bearing the symbols of the Apostles, and a little statuette of the Virgin and Child by Miss Rope is of peculiar delicacy and charm. Mystery plays are given in the evenings.

*"BUT MARY PONDERED THESE THINGS": A delicate treatment by Allan G. Wyn*

# *The Coming Millenary Celebrations in Iceland*

By J. McGIBBON

(*Continued from page* 613)

The heads, entrails, and backbone of the cod are also sun-dried and ground up into fish manure; there is nothing lost of the fish as far as I could see except the smell.

Within recent years Iceland has been awakened to the value of her own fisheries. For hundreds of years the only fishing-boats used were open rowing-boats, but in the eighteenth century small decked vessels were introduced. Their use, however, remained insignificant until about 1850, but from that time onwards their numbers continued to increase. Motor-boats were introduced about 1900, and in 1904 the first steam trawler was bought, after English trawlers had for thirteen years frequented Icelandic fishing grounds. The adoption of this type of vessel, synchronizing with improved methods in the herring fishing, has virtually revolutionized the fishing industry in Iceland and multiplied the output. The enormous growth of the fishing industry will be evident from the following table of the exports of fish—

in 1743 it amounted to 1,920 tons,
in 1840 it amounted to 3,500 tons,
in 1855 it amounted to 4,530 tons,
in 1878 it amounted to 5,160 tons,
in 1898 it amounted to 9,300 tons,
in 1926 it amounted to 50,000 tons,
in 1927 it amounted to 60,000 tons,

and of herring 157,000 barrels were exported in 1926.

Exclusive of open boats, the fishing fleet in 1926 consisted of thirty-eight steam trawlers, thirty-three long-liners, sixty-three motor-boats of 30 tons and more, 563 motor-boats of less than 30 tons, forty sailing vessels of different sizes.

Almost without exception the steam trawlers are large and very much up to date, fitted with wireless and electric light, etc.

During the summer of 1928 an innovation was tried with great success. A seaplane was used by the fishing fleet for the first time to "spot" the shoals of herring, and wireless messages directed the trawlers and drifters to the best places.

We left Siglufiordur late one night after spending a few happy, busy days amongst its fisherfolk, and sailed up the fiord towards the open sea. Late as it was, the midnight sun was still shining, turning the snow-streaked mountains into gold.


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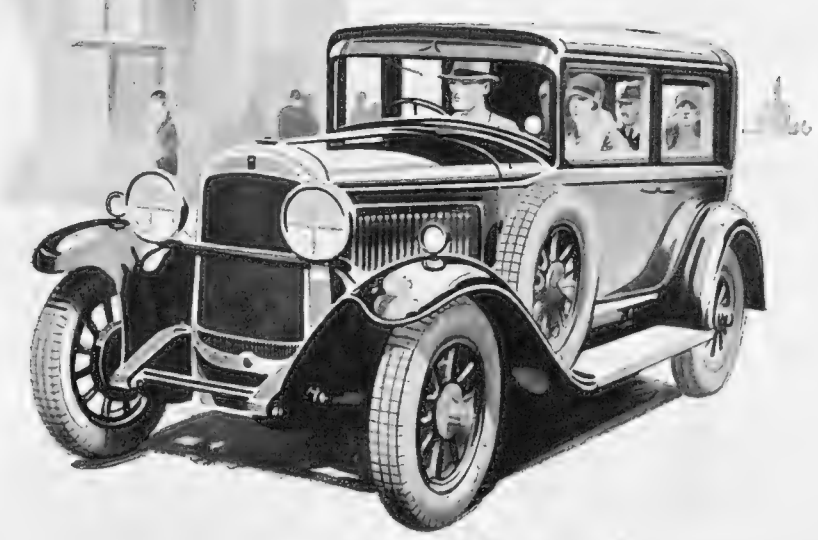

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# "The EYES of the LORD MAYOR"

*Unusual Excitement Prevails in the City upon this Year's Election of the Sheriffs, as Four Candidates Instead of Two are in the Running for the Office*

*A PROSPECTIVE SHERIFF OF TO-DAY: Mr. Maurice Jenks, the aldermanic candidate for the Shrievalty of London*

Not for several years has so much interest been evinced in the annual election of the sheriffs of the City of London on Midsummer Day as has happened on this occasion. Instead of two candidates as usual there are four.

This activity is the result of a deep feeling that there is need of more aldermanic candidates qualified to serve as Lord Mayor of London. This qualification, as most people are aware, is that the Lord Mayor must be an alderman who has served the office of sheriff.

The aldermanic candidate this year is Mr. Maurice Jenks, and it is hoped he will be elected.

Many people have been struck by the curious fact that although the sheriffs, called by Stow "the Lord Mayor's eyes," are so intimately associated with the Lord Mayor, they are elected on Midsummer Day, while the election of the Lord Mayor does not occur until Michaelmas Day.

The explanation is simple. It is due to the need of the chief officials of the City being thoroughly acquainted with the duties of their office. Between their election and the coming into office of the Lord Mayor on November 9 the new sheriffs have the opportunity of learning the routine of their duties under the men who have had seven or eight months' experience of them, in the same way as the Lord Mayor elect has the opportunity of several weeks' instruction in the formalities of his office from the reigning Lord Mayor before he takes over his duties.

As a matter of fact every alderman who has not served the office of sheriff is, *ipso facto*, in nomination for the office, taking precedence of any other person, but it is competent for any two members of the Common Council to nominate any Freeman of the City of London to the office, the real origin of which seems to be buried in obscurity.

So far as has been ascertained, the shrievalty was first granted to London by William the Conqueror with the consent of Parliament. The right to elect sheriffs was expressly given to the citizens of London by a charter of Henry I and ratified later by charters of other kings. Ever since the City has paid the annual rent of £300 mentioned in the grant, as it continues to elect two sheriffs.

So united are the duties of these two gentlemen that both are regarded as one officer, with the result that should one die the other cannot execute any of the duties until another has been chosen.

At one time the sheriffs acted as criminal judges, but to-day their judicial functions in the sheriffs' courts are performed by a judge or judges appointed by the Court of Common Council.

The election of the sheriffs is a picturesque ceremony in which three officials—the common crier, the Recorder, and the Common Serjeant—take a prominent part. The election takes place on the hustings erected at the east end of the Guildhall. To it the Lord Mayor, in full state, repairs, preceded by the aldermen, sheriffs, and officers.

The Common Hall is opened by the common crier, who, having proclaimed silence, bids the audience remove their hats and commands all who are not liverymen to leave on pain of imprisonment. He then announces that the aldermen have met "for the election of two fit and able persons to be sheriffs of this City for the year ensuing."

The Recorder then takes up the parable and, after saluting the Lord Mayor and the liverymen, asks the Lord Mayor and aldermen who have passed the chair to leave. On their doing so the City sword is placed on a bed of roses.

The Common Serjeant then reads the list of names of those nominated as sheriffs and other offices, and the election proceeds, aided by an arrangement not adopted anywhere else in the country. Close to the hustings a high square pole is fixed. Through the top runs a cord, to one end of which is a placard large enough to hold the name of one of the candidates. This placard is pulled up to the top of the pole by the cord so that everyone in the hall may read the name on it.

Should a poll be demanded, it is taken by ballot on the following day in exactly the same way as for a Member of Parliament. When the sheriffs have been elected, they, the Common Serjeant, and the other functionaries proceed to the Council Chamber to inform the Lord Mayor of the result of the election.

They are, however, not sworn in until September 28. Then they take off their livery gowns and receive from the retiring sheriffs their own gowns and chains, which they assume.

The duties of the sheriff are numerous and are closely associated with those of the Lord Mayor. In addition, they wait on the Sovereign by direction of the Corporation to attend the royal will and pleasure as to the reception of addresses from the Corporation; they present at the Bar of the House of Commons petitions to Parliament on behalf of the Corporation; and they attend every session at the Central Criminal Court; while they take charge of and conduct the business in the Common Hall during the Lord Mayor's absence.

The office is an expensive one, for though an allowance of £750 is granted to the sheriffs annually, the average cost to each sheriff during his year of office is about £4,000.

R. de C.

*A SHERIFF OF YESTERYEAR: Slingsby Bethel, the seventeenth-century officer, at the time of the Titus Oates plot*


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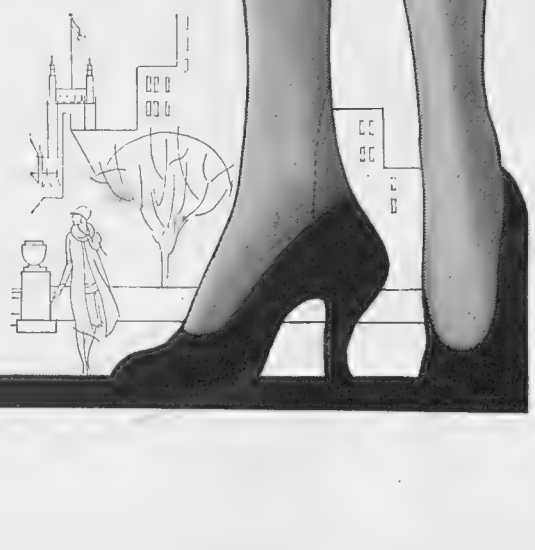

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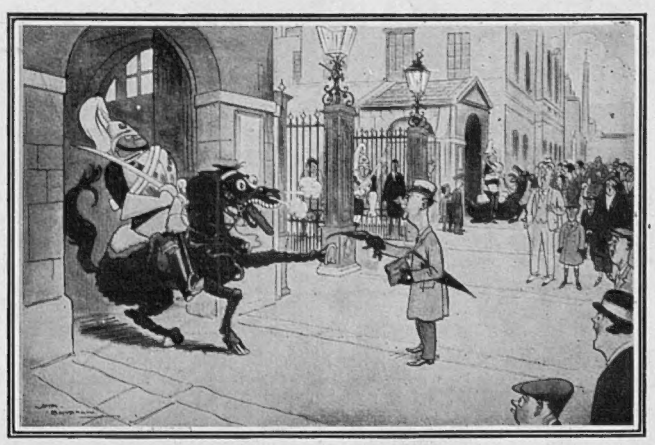

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# There were TWO WARS in FRANCE

By FERDINAND TUOHY

*(Continued from page 620)*

Frankenstein was here; the last illusion of the ability of generals was gone. The whole thing was a reeling, dud horror. Even in rest billets there was merciless bombing. The natives in town and country had grown callous and hostile. All these things told, and others. The war had radically changed. July and August of 1916 were fateful months which marked the end of warfare with any lingering glamour attaching to it, as "the noble art" had been handed down through the centuries. The hopeless carnage of those weeks had only to be beheld.

Those who fought later bore the additional burdens I have related. They were in a vulgarized wholesale murdering by machine, and they knew it, whereas realization was only to come to their predecessors after July 1, 1916. Up till then the war was a slightly different affair. The fact, I contend, might with advantage be brought out more in war books. For not only does something of that which we are groping after repose therein; but it might be sound policy to press home upon the rising generation the indisputable fact that if the late war grew progressively drabber, that is to say less attractive to venturesome youth, any repetition should open amid a drabness quite extraordinary, and to the monstrous grinding of soul-annihilating machines. No more touch of that "something else" of early days in France and Flanders, not so much as a flick.

Good-bye to all *that*.

# ITEMS of General INTEREST

## H.M.V. CHURCH MUSIC AND BELLS

The magic of the gramophone was remarkably demonstrated at the parish church of St. Giles, Stoke Poges, recently. The Gramophone Company ("His Master's Voice") installed in the historic church their electrical reproducer, model 600, and by means of loud-speakers in the ancient belfry gramophone records were played giving over the countryside all the effects of some of the finest peals in the kingdom. To Stoke Poges were transferred the bells of St. Margaret's, Westminster, York Minster, and the glorious carillon of Loughborough War Memorial, while Big Ben boomed out the hour. It was thus clearly demonstrated that every place of worship which has a supply of alternating electric current can have its gramophone music of the bells perfectly recorded and reproduced, a complete and enchanting illusion. The chimes were followed by a recital of sacred music, organ and choirs, in Stoke Poges Church with the most reverend and inspiring effect. So pleasing was the recital that it was repeated after both morning and evening services, congregations remaining to listen to some of the most famous soloists, choirs, and organs. On Sunday, too, before both the morning and evening services in the church peals were again rung by means of "His Master's Voice" apparatus and records. At the close of the morning service the gramophone recital was: Bach's organ toccata and fugue, played by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra; Sullivan's "God shall wipe away all tears," sung by Marguerite Carlton, with organ accompaniment; the first movement of Handel's Organ Concerto in B Flat, played by Dr. E. Bullock on the organ of Westminster Abbey; and Bach's aria from orchestral suite in D played by Marcel Dupré on the Queen's Hall organ. In the evening the programme was: Mendelssohn's "Hear My Prayer," sung by Master Ernest Lough and the choir of the Temple Church, London; Bach's chorale-prelude, "We believe in one God alone," played by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra; Bach's "For Love My Saviour Suffered," from the "St. Matthew Passion," sung by Elizabeth Schumann; Stamford's morning service in B flat—Te Deum, sung by the Westminster Abbey Choir, and Liddle's "Abide with Me," sung by Marguerite Carlton, with organ accompaniment.

## NEW COLUMBIA RECORDS

Among other notable records issued by this famous firm we have received the following: Concerto No. 1, B Flat Minor for piano and orchestra (Tschaikowsky—Op. 23). "Solomon" (piano) and the Hallé Orchestra, conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty; four records; eight parts. "The Season's Ballet" (Glazounov—Op. 67), Alexandre Glazounov and Orchestra; three records; six parts. "The Keys of Heaven" (Old Cheshire Folk-song—arr. H. Elliot Button), and "Studies in Imitation" (a) "Simple Simon"; (b) "There was a Crooked Man" (arr. H. Hughes), both sung by London Male Voice Octette, with piano, conducted by H. W. Pierce. "Toccata in F" (J. S. Bach), organ solo by Anton van der Horst; two parts; one record. "Symphony No. 40 in G. Minor" (Mozart—K 550); Bruno Walter conducting the Berliner Staatskapelle (Berlin State Orchestra); six parts; three records. "Abendlied" (Evensong); (Schumann, arr. W. H. Squire); (Pattman at the organ). Air (arranged on "Air on 4th String") (Bach, arr. W. H. Squire, 'cello; and Solo by W. H. Squire; with piano. Rigoletto - Paraphrase (Verdi, arr. Liszt); pianoforte solo by Irene; two parts; one record. "The Old Sow" and "King Arthur" (traditional); Gotham Comedy Quartette; unaccompanied. "I Look Into Your Garden" (Wilmott and Haydn Wood) and "I Pitch My Lonely Caravan at Night" (Horey and Coates), both sung by the Hon. W. Brownlow, baritone; with piano.

## A LAKELAND VADE MECUM

Eskdale is every year growing increasingly popular as a holiday and tourist resort and remark is frequently made by those who visit it on the absence of any booklet other than a folder issued under railway auspices, describing briefly the chief places of interest in the valley and outstanding items of local history. There are several most excellent guide-books dealing very adequately with the Lake District as a whole, but in these Eskdale is necessarily treated as one small section of the greater whole. In view of this fact a brochure, charmingly written and illustrated by "Silverpoint of Lakeland," an Eskdale resident, and published at the inexpensive price of 6d., is sure to receive the wide recognition it deserves.

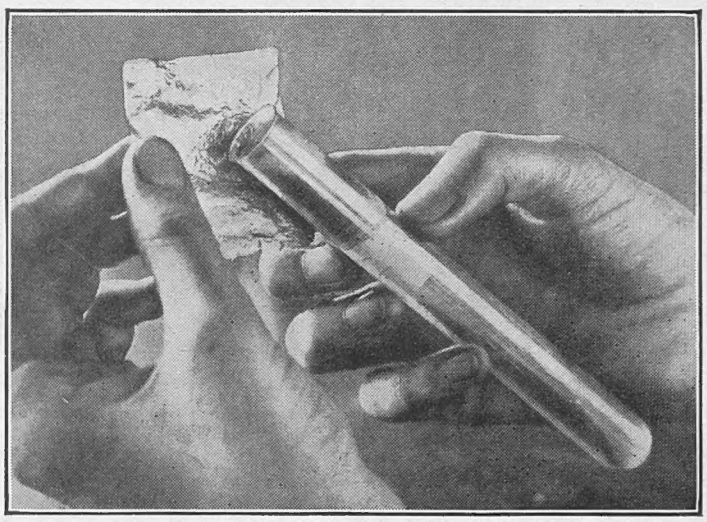
## ONE HUNDRED PRIZES

Amost interesting and varied programme was arranged by the Oxo Sports Club for their annual meeting at Catford on Saturday, June 14. One hundred prizes were offered for competition. There were thirty-two events, and two cups were presented to the establishment scoring most points, and for the tug-of-war respectively. In addition, the Lewisham League Shield was presented to the Oxo net-ball team, which has won this trophy for two years in succession. Races for ladies, members' children, and a Donkey Derby added to the amusement of the afternoon, and the Brixton and Clapham Silver Prize Band provided music during the events. In the evening dancing concluded an excellent programme.

## THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Committee of the *Arethusa* Training Ship, Greenhithe, Kent, have vacancies on board this ship for boys of good character who wish to go to sea. Applicants should be between the ages of 13½ and 15. Boys of 13½ must not be shorter than 4 ft. 10 in. in height (without shoes) and 27 in. round the bare chest (uninflated). An extra half inch must be added to these measurements for every further six months of age. Boys must also be physically fit. Apply 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

*Waging War on Germs—No. 4.*



# HELD IN CUSTODY!

The photo shows a glass tube containing several army corps of deadly germs about to be sealed up. The germs in this particular tube are being kept in custody for experimental purposes.

Man defends himself thus. He protects his health by waging an incessant war on harmful germs. In this campaign every laboratory where research is carried on constitutes a section of Man's G.H.Q.

Wright's Coal Tar Soap is the result of research. For over 65 years this soap has been recommended by medical men, and it has been awarded the Certificate of Merit of the Institute of Hygiene.

Wright's Coal Tar Soap is the best safeguard against infection. Its daily use ensures that the pores of the skin are kept clean and clear, and the skin is maintained in a healthy condition.

**WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP**

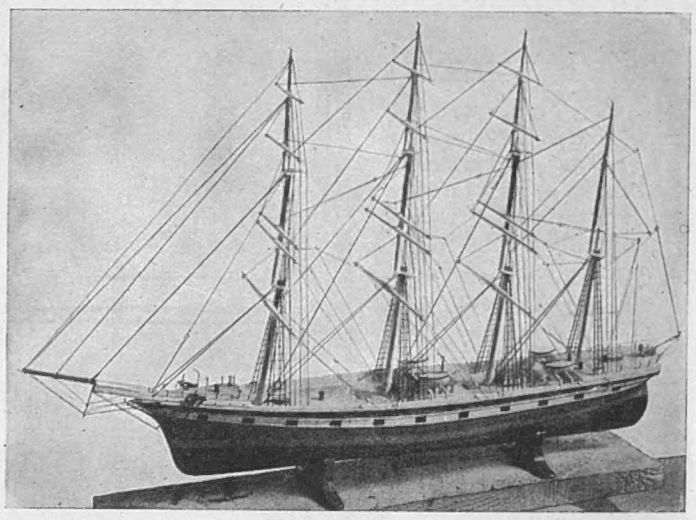
**GIVES NO REPRIEVE TO GERMS.**

**6d. per tablet.**

*Streets 138*

# "LOCH TORRIDON"

**A NEW MODEL BY FRANK H. MASON**



Length (figurehead to stern), 12½ inches.

The Sporting Gallery has the pleasure to announce that the first copies of Mr. Frank H. Mason's new model of the famous four-masted barque "Loch Torridon" are now ready. As in the case of Mr. Mason's previous models of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark," twenty-five reproductions only, numbered and signed, will be made under the artist-craftsman's personal supervision. The price will be Twenty-five Guineas (packing and transport extra). *All reproductions of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark" have been sold and copies of either model are at a premium.* Orders for "Loch Torridon" will be booked and executed strictly in rotation, and early application is therefore most advisable. "Loch Torridon" has been selected on this occasion by Mr. Mason in deference to many requests for a model of one of the celebrated Clyde-built barques, which rank admittedly among the most shapely and beautiful vessels ever launched.

***An example can be inspected in The Sporting Gallery.***

**THE SPORTING GALLERY,**

**32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2**

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, LTD., *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2 *June* 21, 1930. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

"It is all over the village," said Mademoiselle Ploermel, pouring out a cup of coffee from an old-fashioned pot of painted porcelain. "I have heard it from Madame Josselin. It was told to my little maid by one of her friends in the post office. It was mentioned to me in confidence by Madame Mercier. Doubtless they exaggerate."

"Absurd! Ridiculous!" said the priest.

Mademoiselle Ploermel smiled.

"They say she is mad, and wanders about in the moonlight among the menhirs and dolmens. In any case, my dear friend, it is indiscreet of you to talk to her when she has taken off her clothes. Forgive me for mentioning the matter."

"This Kernac is a hotbed of scandal," said the curé heatedly. "It is almost intolerable. To live here even as a priest requires great Christian forbearance."

Mademoiselle Ploermel nodded her head, and her thin lips tightened.

"I agree. Everyone here is steeped in ignorance and without honesty. For that reason it is necessary to be careful of offending public opinion, my dear curé. I warn you to avoid that English girl. She has made a bad impression already, and, from what I hear, she is a wanton creature."

"She is extremely intelligent," said the curé . . .

"The poor young lady has no religion of any kind," said the curé. "It is lamentable. She is the type of the modern mind which has revolted against every form of faith in this age of agnosticism and spiritual anarchy . . . ."

Queer magic, beauty, religion, tragedy—in "THE PAGAN WOMAN" by Sir Philip Gibbs.

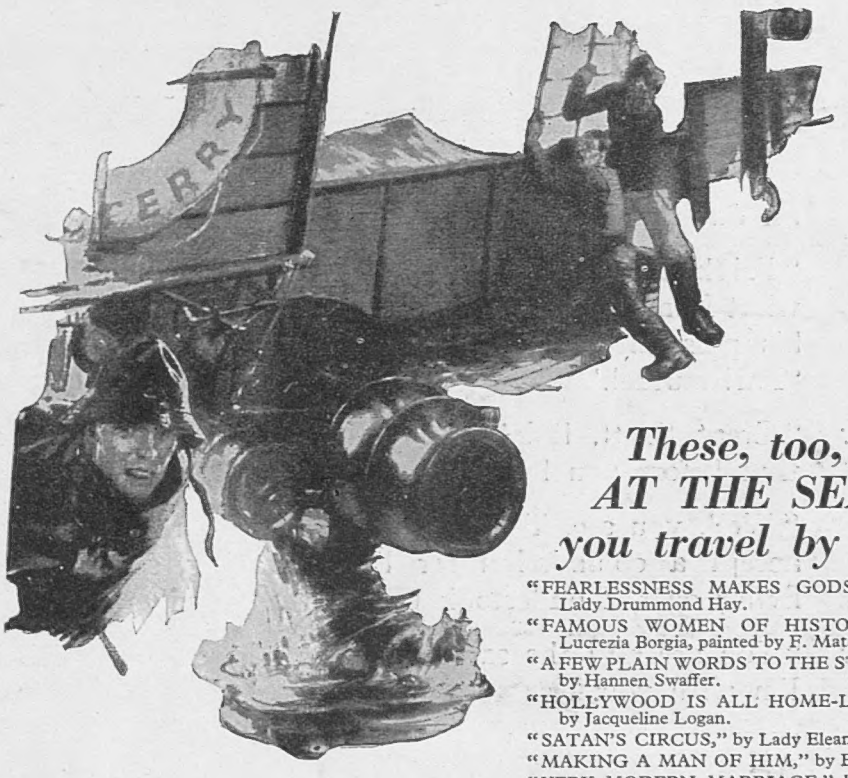
# From Two of the Best

The men cheered, and Trethewy, seizing their excitement, started a hymn. They took it up, first as an outlet for their feelings, then catching something of Trethewy's fire, with religious exaltation.

In that moment, on that fish-littered, heaving deck, a new sect was formed. It never extended its membership, it never expounded its faith; but as trip followed successful trip, the zeal of its adherents increased. Trethewy, of course, like other religious founders, was accounted mad by everyone outside his small band of disciples; but it soon became apparent that his madness was confined solely to the equal distribution of his profits among his crew. Bribes, cajolery, nor taunts could draw from him the position of his ground. He developed an elaborate cunning in concealing the destination of his trips, not only from Skippers who attempted to follow him, but also from his own crew, whose faith he did not wish to expose unnecessarily to temptation. Sometimes he would approach from North Cape; sometimes from Reykianes; and sometimes from south of the Fuglasker, out of sight of Iceland altogether.

For that bank under the sea was to him holy ground, and its commercial exploitation would have seemed the violation of a sanctuary. He was prepared to guard its secret with his life. Where else should the Second Advent take place but here where it had been heralded?

A gripping story of a Cornish fisherman—"TRETHEWY'S GROUND," by Bertram Scott.




*These, too, to read AT THE SEA, or as you travel by TRAIN*

"FEARLESSNESS MAKES GODS OF MEN," by Lady Drummond Hay.
"FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY" — No. 14: Lucrezia Borgia, painted by F. Matania, R.I.
"A FEW PLAIN WORDS TO THE STAGE-STRUCK," by Hannen Swaffer.
"HOLLYWOOD IS ALL HOME-LIFE . . . NOW!" by Jacqueline Logan.
"SATAN'S CIRCUS," by Lady Eleanor Smith
"MAKING A MAN OF HIM," by Beverley Nichols.
"VERY MODERN MARRIAGE," by Storm Jameson.
"CLEOPATRA IN A CRINOLINE," by M. Willson Disher.
"THE REST OF THE WORLD"—No. 6, by Diana Bourbon.
"DIAMOND AND PLATINUM," by Molly Panter Downes.
"SPRING SONG," by W. D. Edmonds.
"WHAT LOVE MEANT TO ISADORA DUNCAN," by George Seldes.

*There is an amazing shillingsworth of short stories, interesting articles on current topics and modern-day thought,*

**In the JUNE issue of**

# BRITANNIA and EVE

*One Sale Everywhere—One Shilling.*

*Sir Edward*
*—the enthusiastic.*

# *A Grand Prix Episode.*

*Lord Bob:* "Now I'm in a devil of a hole! There's not a hope of crossing to Longchamps to-day."

*Lady Vi:* "What a shame! Then we shan't see the Grand Prix, after all our hurry."

*Lord Bob:* "Frightfully sorry, Vi, but what worries me much more is what I am going to do about the 'monkey' that Peter and his pals entrusted me to put on 'Lemonora' with the 'Pari-mutuel.'"

*Sir Edward:* "Great Scott, Bob! Why the deuce didn't you see to that before you left?"

*Lord Bob:* "Well, you see, Ted, neither Peter's man nor mine would accept a commission for French racing, so as we were flying over, I undertook to put the 'monkey' on."

*Sir Edward:* "You are still the same 'devil-may-care,' Bob. It's lucky I'm with you."

*Lord Bob:* "Why, can you help me out?"

*Sir Edward:* "Yes, if we can persuade that little Post Office down the road to telephone a wire through to my man 'Duggie.'"

*Lord Bob:* "But I haven't an account with him."

*Sir Edward:* "But I have, and surely you will after this lesson. Whether it's English or French racing makes no difference; you're always on, 'Tote' or S.P., with NO LIMIT! *That's why I'm so enthusiastic about 'Duggie'!*"

*Follow Sir Edward's advice—Write a personal note to "Duggie" now, and become an equally enthusiastic client.*

**Douglas Stuart**
*"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London*

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